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Contents of Home Magazine, April, 1872.

MUSIC—The Tyrolean and his Child.....	Page 167
HOW LETTY CAME HOME. By MARY E. COMSTOCK.....	163
WHAT IS FOUND ON THE PRAIRIES. By C.....	169
MY ARMED FOE. By ROSSELLA RICE.....	200
THE SWEETS OF SCIENCE. By L. S. H.....	202
THE STEP-DAUGHTER.....	203
THE PAY OF PASTORS.....	205
WHICH IS THE HEIRESS? By S. JENNIE JONES.....	206
COMMON SENSE AND PRETTY WOMEN.....	214
PRETFULNESS A DISEASE.....	215
OLD AND NEW STORIES ABOUT DOGS. By JAMES B. DUFFY.....	216
OTHER PEOPLE'S WINDOWS. By PIPESWAY POTTS.....	221
A PRAYER. By HENRY A. BENEDICT.....	224
A PETITION TO TIME.....	224
SIX IN ALL. By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.....	225
HIS LITTLE ONES EVERYWHERE. By CLIO STANLEY.....	231
TWO PICTURES.....	231
THE SINGLE HEAD OF WHEAT. By FAYETTE.....	232
MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT:	
Comforted; by the Author of "Talks with a Child.".....	233
LAY SERMON:	
Two kinds of Worldliness; by Mrs. J. E. M'Conaughy—The Day of To-day.....	236
BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY:	
Robin and her Violets; by Hester A. Benedict.....	237
THE HOME CIRCLE:	
A Useful Home Missionary—Five Little Ones.....	238
EVENINGS WITH THE POETS:	
Going Home; by Mrs. A. W. L. Glen—Strawberries; by Trowbridge—Failure.....	240
THE GARDEN AND GREENHOUSE:	
Crown Imperials—Double Balsams—The Vitality of Seeds.....	241
EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.....	242
ADVERTISERS' DEPARTMENT.....	244

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Hermione.
2. The Forest Sanctuary.
3. House-dress of Clair-colored Silk.
4. Black Silk Canaque.
5. Jacket of Black Silk.

6. Evening Bonnet—Plaited Muslin Collar—Chinese Collar.
7. Work-Basket—Skirt with Frills—Oval Monogram—Edging.
8. Dress for a Little Girl.

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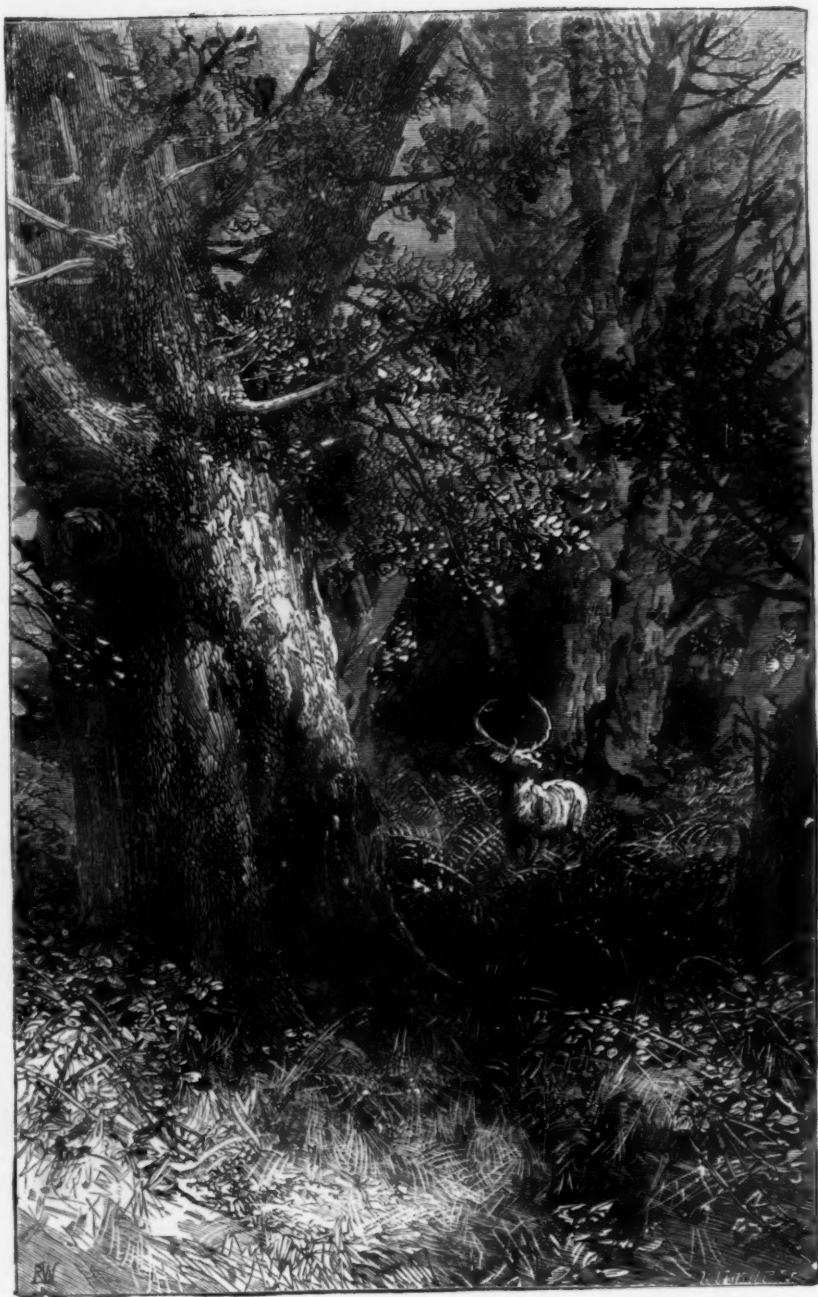
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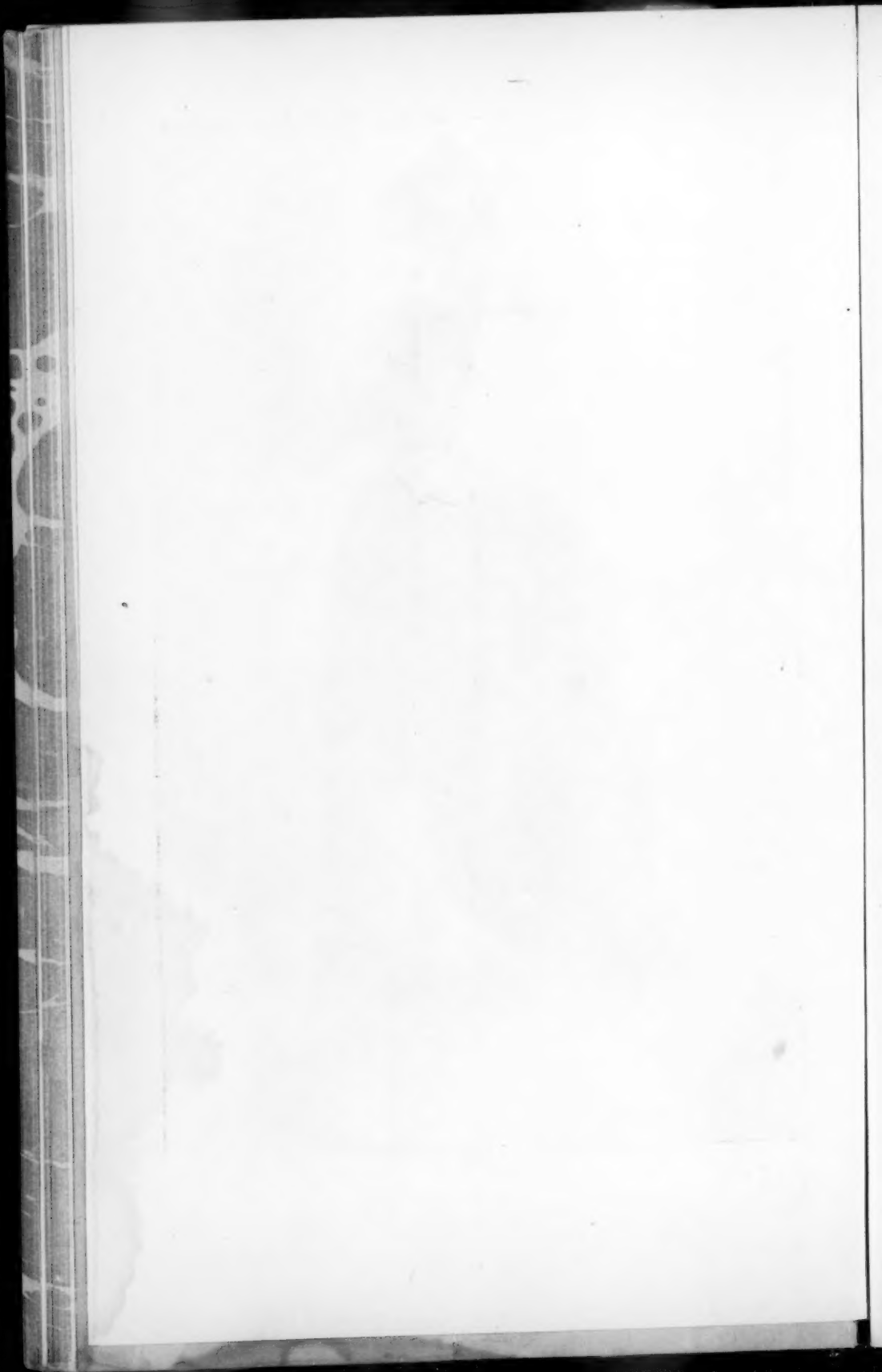
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HERMIONE.



THE FOREST SANCTUARY.





HOUSE-DRESS OF CUIR-COLORED SILK,

The underskirt being of a light, and the upper skirt and waist being of a darker shade. The underskirt is trimmed with black lace; the upper one with platings of the same, and feather bands.



BLACK SILK CASAQUE.

The back of the skirt is laid in two box-plaits, and cut much shorter than the sides, which are folded back in revers. Open sleeve, with scant flounce. Trimming of Chantilly lace, wide upon the skirts of the casaque and narrow upon the sleeves, headed by a silk cord, put on in a design. Small crochet buttons and cord trim the neck. A fold of silk with full double bow at the elbow.



JACKET OF BLACK SILK.

Jacket of black velvet, with the fronts cut square. The side-body is also square. The garment is open at the hips to the waist. The backs are very long, and are folded forward to the side of waist, with bows. Coat sleeve, with a cuff. The trimming consists of guipure lace and braiding. To make this garment, three yards and a half of velvet or silk, and two yards of wide cashmere (which is quite a suitable material) are sufficient.



EVENING BONNET.

Evening bonnet of the lightest shade of brown, figured, silk net. The same material is looped in loose bows, between which dark-brown velvet leaves are placed. The front is covered plain. Trimmings of black thread lace, a bird of paradise, and ribbon strings of the same light brown shade.



PLAITED MUSLIN COLLAR,

Forming fans, stand-up collar, and insertion of white guipure.



CHINESE COLLARETTE

Trimmed with a deep point d'Angleterre, with embroidered revers finished with fancy tassels.



WORK BASKET.

Material: Pointed cotton braid quarter inch wide, crochet thread No. 100, a roll of twist, card-board, wire, colored silk. The bottom and bottom edge are cut out of card-board and covered with silk. The first is of an oval piece four inches long and two and three-quarter inches wide; the edge which is afterward sewn under the basket is of a strip of card-board three-quarter inch wide. The basket itself is of narrow pointed braid united by crochet (loose chain and single crochet.) Beginning with a circle of braid closed very small, the following rows made in the round follow the long shape of the basket; from this part the work is then so increased in size that with a basket height of one and one half inches, the whole round at the top is nineteen inches. The coils now cease for the present, and the work is continued in rows backward and forward, first on one side and then on the other, and with a space between, always of two and one-quarter inches, on the middle of which the handle is afterwards fastened. The upper edge is again at the finish to be surrounded with a few rows of braid. A piece of wire basted on round the upper edge lastly twenty-four and one quarter inches wide, disappears under the strip of lining three and one-quarter inches wide set on plain all round and folded deep toward the inside, is hidden by the covered card-board bottom. The basket edge and stuff handle, the latter being laid under with card-board and wire, are decorated with rosettes one inch large, each of three braid coils. These are crocheted from the middle and in one, the inner pointed edge closes always with one row of S. C. For the bunch of grapes on the handle, small and large balls of white twist are made, with wire stalks put on. The leaves of Plissé crochet must have ribs, veins, and stalks of wire wound over with twist.



SKIRT WITH FRILLS.

These frills, sewn on in curves, meeting together, are finished above with a small bow, scalloped out at both edges and buttonholed over or bound with the material. These skirts, of colored cloth, are quite pretty.



OVAL MONOGRAM.

Monogram, to be embroidered with purple silk and gold thread. This makes a very pretty decoration to comb-cases, folded looking-glasses, and many small articles connected with a lady's toilet.



EDGING.

FASHION DEPARTMENT.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

Easter occurring so early this year, the spring modes will be seen at an earlier date than usual. The polonaise and plain dress with double sack cape made in various fabrics to suit the season, will be the prevailing style. In fact, public favor seems divided between the polonaise and the sack mantle, for spring and summer suits. The sack mantle is perhaps the best adapted for early spring suits, as, it fitting the figure but loosely, a complete dress may be worn beneath it, making the whole suit much warmer. The polonaise is, however, an article of dress which may be worn at all seasons of the year. For winter wear it is exceedingly elegant in heavy velvet or cloth, while it can be made in silk, cashmere, merino, chintz, cambric, pique, linen and the like, for both in and outdoor wear for any season of the year.

At this season sleeves of walking-dresses are generally made close, though in summer there will probably be a return to the flowing sleeve.

Kilt plaitings and flat trimmings are used upon thick materials for early spring wear. Flounces for thin fabrics are scantily gathered, cut narrow and laid in clusters, the edges slightly overlapping each other, and the top one only having a heading.

Instead of two or three shades of the same color, the present spring suits are composed of two contrasting colors, as gray and pink, stone color and blue, lilac and black, etc. Evening-dresses of light silk are trimmed with ruffles of a contrasting color alternating with ruffles of the same, or with white muslin plaitings.

There is no marked change in the arrangement of skirts or the length of bodies. Overskirts are somewhat plainer, and less puffed. Nor are they worn quite as much as formerly.

The spring bonnets seem to be principally in straw, and there is a marked return to the "cottage" shape. In addition to the split straw, there is the Leghorn, the Coburg, the Dunstable, the Tuscan, the Neapolitan, and others, besides several novelties of fancy and embroidered straw.

Ruffles of lace at the wrist are superseding cuffs.

Linen lace in white and buff will be used for trimming buff and white linen suits, especially as the prices of such trimmings are likely to be lower than last year.



DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

Dress for a little girl of maize-colored poplin and silk. The lower skirt is of Lyons poplin, with a gathered flounce six inches deep, above which is a plaiting of the same material, finished on the edges with silk gimp. Low, square body, ornamented with a plaiting. Short sleeves, composed of a plaiting. Silk tunic of the same shade; it is pointed on the edge, but the sides are plain and open to the waistband. The front and tunic is apron-shaped, pointed at the bottom, and plain at the sides like the back. The neck is finished with a low, square bertha, cut in points to correspond with the edge of the tunic. Four yards of poplin, and three yards of silk, is sufficient material to make this suit for a child of six years.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

THE TYROLESE AND HIS CHILD.

Furnished by F. A. NORTH & CO., 1026 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Con sentimento.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, D major, and consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with grace notes and slurs, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Pedal markings (Ped.) and asterisks (*) are placed below the left-hand staff to indicate where to use the sustain pedal.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "When for my na - - tive land I sigh, And when the tear starts to my". The music is in 3/4 time, D major, and includes repeat signs at the beginning of the vocal line.

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "eye, When my lone heart is griev'd and sore, 'Tis then old age I feel the". The musical notation includes various note values, rests, and slurs, with the piano accompaniment providing a steady harmonic support.

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "more; My comfort then and sole re-lief, For nameless woe and". The music maintains the 3/4 time signature and D major key, ending with a final chord in the piano accompaniment.

si - lent grief; when I my on - ly child embrace, And view in her her

cres. *p*

mother's face; When I my on - ly child em - brace, And view in her her mother's

mf *dim.* *pp*

face.

p *dol.* *Ped.* *

When her sweet mother went to rest,
 When last her dying hand I pressed,
 And closed those eyes no more to shine,
 Oh, God! what misery was mine;
 But God in mercy would impart
 One solace yet to glad my heart,
 When I my only child embrace,
 And view in her her mother's face.

'Tis then that youth and joy once more
 Will fill my heart as heretofore,
 I clasp my child unto my breast,
 And feel in her so richly blest;
 Waiting a pilgrim on my way,
 'Till He on high shall call and say:
 "Come up and leave thy child's embrace
 To view her mother face to face."

ARTHUR'S LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1872.

HOW LETTY CAME HOME.

BY MARY E. COMSTOCK.

CHAPTER I.

JOHN GAGE would probably never have left home and gone to the city, if something had not happened which did happen.

John admired Letty Fairfield. Everything she said or did was interesting to him. John had quit studying law. He had bought land adjoining his father's farm and come home to live. Solon Gage, John's father was getting infirm. He needed John. Like the devoted son that he was, the young man came home and addressed himself to agriculture.

Letty Fairfield lived at the farm. John enjoyed her inspiring, sympathetic companionship even more than he had done on his visits home when he had been head boy at school, and Letty had been a little girl, studying with the Wilton girls under their governess.

The days were now never long enough. All time was pleasant time. Life was full of rainbows for them both. Letty enjoyed her air-castles, and John enjoyed her. It was a pity this state of things could not have lasted. Youth is precipitate.

This is what happened. John having occasion to take a row down the river to Squire Landon's, had asked Letty to go with him and get pond-lilies on the way. The sunset light was beautiful as they came home. The boat floated lazily with simple guiding. The sound of the water furnished delicious undertone to thought and feeling. The boat was half full of pond-lilies, and Letty looked fresh and crisp like a pink cactus among them. Her thoughts were somewhere among the fair to-morrows of life. She was enchanting, and John Gage, whose thoughts were of to-day, then and

there, without word of warning, asked her, Letty Fairfield, to be his wife. Poor Letty.

Poor John. Letty's surprise was so great, that power of speech actually fled away and mistaking her silence, John showed how in earnest he was, how long this beautiful hope had dwelt in his heart, how impossible it would be for him to give it up.

Had Letty been a whit less surprised she could have wedged in a remark, and turned aside the flow of earnest confession. Had she been on *terra firma* she would have sped away and got calm, and considered her words before she answered.

As it was, feeling that she must not listen longer, and being hurt, resentful, and confused, she said quick, sharp, stinging words that rankled in the heart of John Gage many a day. John was hurt cruelly. And in the rebound of the words she had spoken, Letty was hurt herself. Between them both Mrs. Gage had her hands full for some time.

Mrs. Gage was John's stepmother. She had married Solon Gage when John was a big boy away at school. Soon after her marriage she adopted the little orphan Letty, the child of a friend. Mrs. Gage was commonly designated among the neighbors as "one of the salt of the earth." John could not have regarded his own mother with more affection than he did her. He had known her always. She had been his own mother's best friend.

"I can't stay here any longer, mother," John said in confidence to Mrs. Gage. "I have made myself hateful to Letty. I at least will not put myself in her way. Besides, the

hope had got into all my life without my knowing it. It's like the witch grass that gets into your flower borders. Try to pull it up, and you find the roots have branched out under everything. All the young plants come up with it. I must find a place where the witch grass can't get a chance to grow."

"Hold yourself as still as you can, John, and put all your energies into your work," advised the mother.

"No fear but I shall do the last," said John. "But I must go away from here."

Mrs. Gage was likewise the recipient of confidence in another direction.

"I said such dreadful things to dear old John," confided tearful Letty in her turn. "And he has always been so good to me!"

"Ah," said Mrs. Gage, her face softly lighting up. "And what did you say to John?"

"I said harsh things," said Letty. "Of course, what he wanted could never, never be; but I might have said it differently. I told him my life could never be tied down to such things as he was contented with; that I had aspirations for things he could not even understand; that he had no right to say such things to me!" and Letty, sitting on the bedside with her face among the pillows, tapped the floor impatiently with her delicately-slipped little foot.

Whatever Letty's state of mind might be, her dress was always perfect, from the little slipper to the shining masses of her dark, abundant hair.

"I see," said Mrs. Gage; "and yet you always praised John so much, and thought him so good and capable."

"Why yes, of course; just as John, you know!" The words came very honestly from the pretty lips. "But I don't think I was made for a bit such a life as his will be. I want to see the world. I want to accomplish something. I want to make the most of myself and of my life. I have ambition for something more than just living right along. I live more as it is in one hour than John does or can in a full month. I cannot tell you how it is. I don't know how John could ever have thought of such a thing!"

"I see," again spoke even-voiced Mrs. Gage. "You feel that you want a broader sphere than his lot would afford you. You wish for a life that would comprise brilliant assemblages, handsome costumes, elegant ceremonies, gay equipages, winters in Washington, foreign travel."

Letty, at this juncture, in the enumeration

of delights, lifted the least bit her tearful face. She wished to reconnoitre, and discover if possibly her mother, as she called her, were making fun of her. Mrs. Gage's serene face, however, wore an expression of sympathetic gravity and solicitude.

This Letty saw at a glance from under her long, dewy eyelashes; and with the words, "brilliant assemblages, handsome costumes, elegant ceremonies, gay equipages, winters in Washington, and foreign travel," all echoing and commingling in her mind, she drew herself up with a little hysterical laugh, and then drooped her shapely head, and cried upon her mother's bosom.

"You always do know just what I want. You understand me as no one else does. You are the dearest, best mother in the world! Oh, I am so glad! I mean I am so sorry. I'm sorry John feels so used up. I'm sorry I spoke as I did. But I'm so glad you see how it all is, and that I am in the right of it, and understand myself!" and Letty clung to her mother, and cried to her heart's content.

Mrs. Gage let her cry, and did not contradict her in any particular.

"I could wish it had been different," she said, mentally; "but we blundering mortals cannot arrange these things. We can only soothe the wounds and bruises as best we may. Planning does no good whatever."

CHAPTER II.

So John Gage went away.

A short time after this, Letty Fairfield also went away. She went to stay awhile with rich Aunt Ludwig, a comfortable invalid, a widow, having one sickly son who aspired to art. While there, Letty took lessons in painting. She also studied French and German. When she came home again, she went on with these studies under the master who came from the city to teach the Wiltons.

Reports of matrimonial engagements on the part of Letty drifted out from sociable teadrinkings, and reached John from time to time.

John sometimes alluded to them blithely in letters to his mother. He talked of business and of old acquaintances encountered, of home affairs and of questions of general interest in the political and scientific world. His letters were home-feasts to them all.

John and Letty met from time to time. John was home at one time for a little while during the summer heats. There was a socia-

ble to be held one night at the Wiltons, the great castle-like house on the hill. Letty and a friend that was staying with her came down stairs in fresh and tasteful evening costume. They found John waiting their pleasure in capacity of escort.

There was no mistaking the politely inquiring look Letty gave John's old-style coat. A gay assemblage was expected. The people from the garrison were coming.

John read the look.

"That monkeyish dress coat of mine tipped over a kerosene lamp on it, Letty. It's saturated. This one will do as well, however."

John looked at once resolute and resigned. Letty looked doubtful.

"Cousin Hiram left his coat here in the closet. It will fit you. Wear that!" suggested Letty.

John Gage's deep set, kind eyes looked down upon Letty from his height of six feet.

"If the Wiltons won't take me in my own coat they can't have me at all," said John. "They would feel bad about that, I know!" and the tall fellow made a comical grimace.

John Gage went as he was and watched Letty dance with Holt Caresby, and talk French with Eldrick Gay, and eat ice cream with a dashing captain.

John danced a square dance or two, properly enough, though with the same nonchalance with which he would have tossed hay in the hay-field, but when Letty's eyes sought him he was usually visible among the gray heads, Judge Hammond and Squire Edmonds and that clique, telling stories or listening with polite attention and unobtrusively watching Letty.

"So this is the sort of thing I couldn't cope with in the eyes of my little girl!" thought he, as he surveyed the kid glove festivities as a unit. "It would have been very much like mounting cannon to shoot a weasel, I admit."

The next morning when Letty dilated on the delights of the previous evening and his mother seemed to ask substantiation of John, he rejoined: "Well, yes, mother; some of it was very pretty, no doubt. Still, I cannot say that I should care to take my pitcher to these fountains of social pleasure very often. I have the bad taste to prefer my herbs to these feasts of fat things. I'm afraid I'm not appreciative."

"Captain Verdell and his sister were quite worth meeting," said Letty. "A very old family, I believe. Miss Verdell is very beautiful, and her French accent is perfect. The

captain dances the German better than any one I ever knew."

"Indeed!"

"His conversation is really delightful," said Letty. "He has seen so much of the world and relates his adventures and miraculous escapes in such a graphic manner."

"His miraculous escapes from being cashiered from the service might prove interesting, I should think!" said John, not severely, but with a sense of humor and a twinkle in his eye, and in a matter-of-fact way he told some facts that struck home to the moral core of the Verdells, and with a word here and there revealed the true status of other of the "delightful people" met the night before, in a manner that made Letty's exquisitely modulated voice unconsciously describe long rows of exclamation points.

"You do take the glow and shine off of everything so, lately, John!"

"I don't mean to; upon my word, I don't!" said John, surprisedly and sorrowfully. "I left the 'glow and shine' upon the Verdells, I am sure. I only spoke of what lay beneath it. There is 'glow and shine,' Letty!" and John displayed the handful of garden blooms he had brought in and laid by his mother's plate. The dew was still on them.

Thus, with occasional meetings, the years went by.

CHAPTER III.

Letty stood in the blossoming orchard and waved a good-by to the merry group she had accompanied thus far on their way back to the great house on the hill.

The world was suggestive of Paradise this sweet May morning. A robin said his say in the branches right over Letty's head, as she turned homeward. Dandelions strewed their gold in thick profusion as she advanced, as though gold were a very proper article to strew in the way of a princess such as the susceptible dandelions seemed to feel Letty to be. In truth, a touch of royalty had been added in the interval. Intellectual culture and society of cultivated people had heightened and given finer tone to natural beauty. Beside this, from childhood she had always had an imperious little way of her own. Other people beside the dandelions had found this out.

In the interim it had come to pass that Solon Gage had fallen ill, and John had come home and taken care of him with the tenderness of a woman. Solon Gage died. John

sacrificed the business opening he had made for himself in the city, and promised his mother he would come home and stay with her.

Just at the moment that Letty stood in the blossoming orchard, as recorded at the beginning of the chapter, John Gage was looking for hens' nests.

As he swung open the hay-loft door, and caught sight of Letty looking so pretty with apple blossoms in her dark hair, his eyes lit up with sudden pleasure, and then a very sober look came into his face, and presently he sat down on the fragrant hay, and dropped his head in his hands, and it was a full hour before he entered the house with his hat full of eggs, although he knew that Mrs. Gage was waiting to use them in making a custard pie for dinner.

John fought a battle with himself that morning in the hay loft. One of the many in a long campaign. He won it.

When he came in with the eggs, even his mother did not notice that the lines were drawn more firmly about his mouth, and that his face was paler than usual.

Letty from an upper window noticed how erect was his carriage as he went toward the field, and she thought.

"It seems like a dream, that old nonsense that came up between John and me. How well and quickly he got over it. I don't suppose he keeps even a recollection of it now!" and as she watched the stalwart figure moving with characteristic directness across the velvet turf, remembrance evoked the very different figure and bearing of one Philip Duryea, a polished man of society, whom Letty had of late frequently met while staying with Aunt Ludwig.

Philip Duryea was a handsome man, an eminent lawyer, a man who mingled much in public matters, whose name figured largely in newspapers and in the plannings of political men.

Letty thought of him now as her eye followed John. Letty wondered if John would ever marry, and a little pang came to her heart at thought of any further change whatever at the "old Gage place."

Things had been happening to Letty very fast lately, as Puss Wilton might have expressed it.

In the first place a patrimony from Grandpa Fairfield, whose estate had been contested, came into Letty's possession. It did not make Letty rich, but it gave her independence within certain limits.

Then Aunt Ludwig was going abroad, and Letty was going with her. One of Letty's air-castles had always been fashioned with locomotive reference to foreign travel. She had no idea whatever that Dr. Voorath was going prescribe it for Aunt Ludwig's health. They were to sail immediately. Letty had come home to say good-by.

Again, upon her departure from Aunt Ludwig's, Philip Duryea had made an offer of marriage to Letty Fairfield. There had not been a great deal of sentiment or agitation in the matter, but it had been conducted very gracefully and properly under the gas light, and Letty had accepted this man to be her husband.

She would go with Aunt Ludwig all the same. Duryea was going to be in Paris soon himself. If Aunt Ludwig did not enjoy travel they would soon return, and Letty would be married at home. Or she might be married abroad and return there.

Thus matters stood when John fought himself that sweet May morning, and conquered.

"Have you been writing a book, John?" asked Letty, as she turned the morning paper, while they waited for Mrs. Gage to appear at dinner.

"Only an agricultural work; a practical book of reference," said John.

The name was identical with yours, still I had no idea you were the author," said Letty.

"Has John written a book, and is it published?" asked Mrs. Gage, who having entered looked inquiringly from one to the other.

Letty passed the paper.

"Do you want to see the encomiums on the 'research and exhaustiveness of the work?'"

"Newspaper praise doesn't amount to much," said John. "It is a book that was needed. While I was looking up facts for myself I thought I might as well put them up in shape for other people."

"That is a way you have of doing a great many things, I notice, John," said Mrs. Gage.

"It is wonderfully characteristic," spoke Letty. "I have often noticed that he never seems to have any particular aims and plans of his own, but just keeps doing something that needs to be done for other people."

"It's not a bad way of doing," said Mrs. Gage.

"I think though," assented Letty, "that we are required to make the most of ourselves and of our own capabilities in the first place."

We owe it to ourselves to develop our best possibilities."

This last remark was made after they rose from the table. It was not made in John's hearing.

John found a great many kind, brotherly things to do for Letty when she went away. He said pleasant, cheery things, provoking Mrs. Gage and Letty to sudden smiles, those last hard parting days. He kept very busy withal.

John went to New York with Letty; saw her on board the steamer; heard Philip Duryea's good-by to her, accompanied by the words, "I will meet you in Paris." He watched her out of sight, and then turned homeward.

"The strength is all gone out of him," said his mother, as she watched him on his usual rounds of superintendence about the premises. "It is hard on John."

In all these years he had not spoken to his mother of his heart concerning Letty. Now he broke the silence with this one utterance: "If I could only know it was all for the best for her! If I could but be sure that it was right!" This was all he said.

John Gage did not like Philip Duryea.

CHAPTER IV.

Letty enjoyed England. She accomplished much sight-seeing, and had the good fortune to be in company with pleasant people. But of late Aunt Ludwig had not been well enough to travel as fast as the rest of the party. She had experienced several violent attacks. Letty had become a little unnerved by anxious watching, and Edson Ludwig, except to recount what they would find to admire were they able to go sight-seeing, or to hand a shawl or a smelling-bottle, was about as good as nobody at all.

Letty found responsibilities devolving upon her, and, though equal to them, she yet missed something she had always hitherto had at need.

Philip Duryea, her affianced lover, met her in Paris a few months later, as had been appointed. He had been delegated abroad on political interests.

Letty, a little weary-eyed and anxious in a strange country, could not analyze the subtle sense of disappointment experienced on the arrival of this man, whose coming she had eagerly looked forward to, and with whom she had promised to spend her life.

Perhaps Letty exacted too much. Philip Duryea was very courteous in his inquiries and offers of assistance, but his coming did not bring the comfort Letty had in some way expected it would. His manner was as polished as ever; his presence as charming in easy grace and conscious power. He was punctilious in lover-like attentions.

From the moment that Letty became conscious of experiencing this want of tone in Philip Duryea, a singular train of explanatory circumstances began developing.

My pen shrinks from this hard chapter in Letty's life. A few words must suffice.

It seemed as though Paris and the hotel where Aunt Ludwig had taken rooms, had been by Providence appointed of all other places as the meeting-place for these two souls who had engaged to be so much to each other. Surroundings, and contact with old acquaintances of Duryea's, brought to knowledge particulars of past life which shall not sully this fair page. Unchallenged by society though he was, Letty Fairfield could never accept as her husband the man that providential testimony showed Philip Duryea to be.

Brilliant position, wealth, grace, and culture, were momentarily weighed against truth and purity, and Letty seemed to inhale a pure, invigorating breath of mountain air direct from home that helped her to decision, and Philip Duryea went his way and Letty hers.

John Gage served in the Legislature winters and superintended the farm summers. He supplied, so far as he could, the place of both son and daughter to his mother.

He marvelled, as did others, that Letty stayed so long away, and that there was no mention made of marriage plans. In Rome, her devotion to art emulated that of Edson Ludwig to the exclusion of Philip Duryea's name in letters. Letty developed more talent in this direction than she had ever been credited with.

But by and by a new tone crept into Letty's letters—a longing to see the old place, and see the alterations that had been made.

For his mother's sake, John would not suffer the old house to be taken down, but it grew into fresh youth and new proportions under his directing eye. It was a beautiful old place.

Reminiscences of childhood now and then gleamed out in a few vivid pen strokes in Letty's letters. The mother-love and home kindness were reverted to.

"Her heart is waking up," the mother said. "It has slept till now. I wish that I could see our Letty!"

The time seemed long, but Letty came home at last. Came with a new charm, giving warmth and glow to her intensified self. She was a beautiful woman, with the same innate, royal grace as of old. With a woman's strengthened judgment and cultivated intellect there was, however, far more of a child's unconscious abandon and loving trustfulness apparent than Letty had ever shown before among the warm home hearts.

Absence of the old home tenderness and care; patience with Aunt Ludwig's sick whims and endurance of Edson's practical inefficiency; above all, inevitable discoveries of that which lies beneath the shallow gilding of society's life in high places had evoked new qualities since the bond had been broken between her and Philip Duryea.

Into John's busy life Letty came like sunshine and music once again. John's life was busy. There were always so many tasks that needed to be done. And the people finding John doing them brought him the more to do.

"It was a great disappointment that you declined the nomination," a neighbor said to John, a while after Letty's return, and to her look of inquiry the speaker added: "The party was bent on John's running for Congress, and he gave us the slip."

"I can serve a little, I believe, even if I stay at home," said John. "Through correspondence I may do some work on certain questions."

"Why did you decline the nomination, John?" asked Letty, when the neighbor was gone.

"Hush," said John, pointing toward the inner room, where his mother sat. "She doesn't know it, and I do not want her to. I couldn't leave her. The paralytic stroke was light, but another may come at any time. She has no one else now."

Letty lifted her beautiful face. All those social and intellectual heights which had attracted her young imagination in other days, the beauty that she had wrought patiently for in art, all that her life had struggled to attain seemed in a single flash revealed to her as merely typical expressions of the royalty and purity of heart so unconsciously betrayed before her.

A feeling akin to that with which she had looked upon masterpieces of art swept in upon her and she felt uplifted.

This desire to serve, this abnegation of self and tenderness of devotion reaching out from the family to the State, and embracing all men in its sympathies, this was the essence out of which real elevation, true beauty, and "position" took their forms. It moved her like music, this moral beauty that had struck its roots down deep in the character of the man before her.

Tears came to her eyes. There was sudden play of emotion, such as John had never seen on her expressive features, light and pathos and new perception, and sudden words rode right gallantly on the rich-toned, impulsive voice.

"John," she said, and the words seemed wrung from startled joy depths of confession, "you are good. You are good!"

It was a little thing to say, perhaps, but at the play of facial expression and of tone all the old, strong love, held so long and masterfully at bay, came surging back, and John Gage, afraid to trust himself, with stern self-control and with an impulse for safety went away and left her.

But soul had spoken to soul in the swift moment. Warm friendliness and unreserve were gone. A gulf stretched out between them.

In the straightforwardness of his spirit John Gage came back and bridged that gulf with this question: "Letty, may I ask you once more now, can you be my wife?"

And this was the answer that Letty gave John Gage the second time he asked her; this was the reply she made when she came home again: "If I am worthy, John."

"I think I loved John all the time without knowing it," said Letty, softly, when she came to talk with Mrs. Gage.

"You had to wait, however, for your heart to find it out while he conquered his," was the reply.

"I never knew the measure of his nature or of my need of him till forced to measure others by him. You don't know, mother, how John loomed up!" said Letty's low, glad intonations.

"So high," asked Mrs. Gage, demurely, "that in 'accomplishing something' and making the most of yourself, you see him the tallest of the two?"

"Ah," said Letty, with the delicate color mounting to her brow, "I have found out one thing, and that is, that the way to accomplish something in life and make the most of one's self is to 'do the duty that lieth nearest.' John's life has taught me that."

WHAT IS FOUND ON THE PRAIRIES.

BY C.

IN the spring of the year, when the young grass has just covered the ground with a carpet of delicate green, interspersed with flowers of every hue, the western prairies present an attraction seldom found in the parks and lawns that refined taste has prepared for civilized man. Its great extent, its undulating surface, and the fringe of timber by which it is surrounded, give beauty and character to the landscape. Though neither a house nor a human being are to be seen by the traveller, and he knows that he is far from the habitations of man, yet the scenes seem often to be embellished by the hand of art. The flowers, some fragile and delicate, yet ornamental, others of a hardier race and of exquisite brilliancy, with every imaginable variety of color, present a rich profusion of hues of infinite diversity, and all prepared by nature, without the least care from man.

In travelling these prairies, numerous mounds and fortifications are found which have excited much surprise. One of these mounds being cut away on one side, so as to leave a perpendicular surface of ten or twelve feet, presented the singular appearance of several strata or layers of earth of very different color and quality—some were ash-colored, mixed with black, and appeared to be ashes of wood with charcoal among it. These strata of earth were about a foot in thickness, and in them were human skeletons of all sizes, lying in a horizontal position. Probably the ancient tribes of men who lived there used to lay their dead friends on the surface and burn them, and then cover the bones with earth, and that this process repeated from time to time, and perhaps from age to age, produced, at last, these great mounds.

And, not far from the surface of the earth, on some of the prairies, numerous axes made of stone, porcelain dishes, and curious pieces of money, have been found, though in most places they are from thirty to fifty feet below the earth's surface.

On a prairie in the eastern part of Dakota, at the foot of the Shayenne Mountain, some miners in digging for gold were surprised to find some plank and boards that had evidently been sawed in a mill, more than twenty feet

below the surface of the ground, and where it did not appear to have been ever before disturbed by man.

As the winter in that locality was always severe, the miners left in the autumn for a warmer region. On their return in the spring, a hut had been erected from the lumber they had taken from the ground, which was occupied by a young female Indian and an infant. She belonged to a tribe of the Mandan Indians, on whom the Sioux had made war, and taken many prisoners; all her near relations had been killed, but the infant sister a few months old; this she contrived to steal from her enemies, and to escape with her, hoping to find her way back to her own nation; but the great distance and the numerous rivers made her lose her way, and, winter coming on, she had built the hut in this lonely spot, and lived there seven months. Five or six inches of an iron hoop made into a knife, and a part of an arrow head which served as an awl, were the only implements that she had to build her house, to make snow-shoes, and other useful articles. She appeared to have had a plenty of food, had snared partridges, rabbits, and squirrels, and had killed a few beavers. After she had used the few deer-sinews that she had with her in making snares and sewing clothing, she supplied their place with the sinews of rabbits legs, which she twisted together with great dexterity. She had amused herself by making many pieces of personal ornament for herself and sister. Their clothing was made of skins tastefully arranged. She seemed contented and happy, where a civilized person, probably, would have perished. Many interesting events occur on the prairies.

DUNELLEN, NEW JERSEY.

TRUTH will ever be unpalatable to those who are determined not to relinquish error, but can never give offence to the honest and well-meaning.

OUR adversaries think they refute us when they reiterate their own opinions without paying attention to ours.

MY ARMED FOE.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

I WENT to bed that night sick, I had written all day, besides cooking breakfast, dinner, and supper, and baking eight loaves of bread. I had written in the dining-room with my sleeves rolled up ready to run into the kitchen any minute. I had mixed things badly. My sentimental lovers, Adolphus and Araminta, quite carried the smell of roast beef, baked potatoes and muffins on their broadcloth and Victoria lawn. While I wrote of Apolphusas holding Araminta's jewelled hand in his, and looking down into her blushing face to read his fate, I sniffed my housewifely nose occasionally to see that the beef did not burn, or the juice run out of pies that were baking. My face was flushed and bent over the cooking stove, while my gold pen stuck above my ear; the dish-cloth lay beside my manuscript, and the carving-knife beside the classical dictionary. While Adolphus dwelt upon love in a cottage with romantic fervor, I put in practice the theory, robbed of its flimsy ideality.

Overtasked and dissatisfied I went to bed that night feeling that the day had been lost—thrown away.

I tossed all night with a pain in my head, and rose in the morning after two or three attempts, unrefreshed, dull, pained, dreamy, irritable.

I felt as though I wanted to be pitied and petted—wished every one's step would fall lightly and softly, and that slamming doors would move with the noiseless sweep of wings. Fallacious hope! I had just finished washing the dishes, stepping softly so as not to jar my head, when the door opened and shut with a slam that, if translated into our language, would have meant nothing more or less than downright swearing, and Brother Dick bolted in walking like a behemoth, saying: "I want the last paper."

"There, on the table," said L. He began plowing and shovelling among the heaps of late newspapers, like a man who had no thought of husbanding his strength and energy.

When he found the one he sought for, it was folded with the inside out. I don't know what provoked him to be so unkind on that morning of all others, but because the paper was folded thus, he opened a bitter tirade upon me,

almost abusive, and before he got through he said it was a slovenly way I had of leaving papers, that any child of five years of age would know better, and have more sense.

My own temper is the armed foe of my existence, whom I have to battle with daily. Sick and feeble and irritable, I retorted, and said the papers were mine, that I paid for them myself, and subscribed for them solely for my own reading; and then I don't know what prompted me to say it, perhaps because it was the bitterest thing I could think of, I said; "you couldn't understand that paper if you did read it."

That was very unkindly said, and he felt it to be so. With a cutting retort fully as bitter he laid the papers down and left the room.

So I had clouded his sky for that long, sweet summer day, at least. Humiliated and smarting, I rose and put the table in order. The hired man sat on the lounge brushing his hair in an idle, thoughtless way. I presume the poor fellow was thinking that very minute of the weeks that must elapse before he could go home with his pocket full of money, to his widowed mother in Penn, and make her old heart glad.

The expression on his countenance denoted that his thoughts were far away, and I am quite sure they were, or he wouldn't have sat there snipping the ends off his yellow beard, and dropping the brushy bits on the carpet at his feet.

I said, snappishly: "Oh, what are you doing, you thoughtless fellow? don't you know that the first puff of air will carry your clippings right through the door into the pantry?"

He turned as red as a blood beet—his very fingers spread out in a startled, scared manner, as he began picking them up, and mumbling his apologies in a confused, hurt way. "Not there!" I said; "don't put it in the kitchen stove, it will come right back to us, and fill the house with a bad smell of smoke, and everything of that kind does hurt my head so when I'm sick. I always put every bit of hair out by the cedars, and then when a perplexed little bird is hunting something soft and pliable, and happens to find it, she is so glad that she carols out a song of thanks right away from the tops of some of these door-yard trees. I think it is a compliment to have a sample of

one's hair wound deftly and cunningly into a bird's nest among bristles, and flax, and down, and feathers, and mosses; I rather like the idea of it," said I, with a faint attempt to laugh and reassure the poor fellow.

But he was hurt. He was far from home and friends, the only son of a poor widow, and the support of his little brothers and sisters. He was proud of his first crop of scrubby beard, but after I spoke so curtly to him he laid his broad reddish-brown palm over it in a way that said: "After all my combing and brushing, and twirling you about my fingers, you've brought me to an open shame." So, in the morning of that long summer day I had made a cloud come in his sky.

Ah me! better that I had not left my room at all that morning than to go about with my heart full of bitterness, scattering thorns in every one's path.

Father went out to feed the pigs and soon came around to the kitchen-door with an empty swill-pail in each hand and a cloud on his brow, saying: "what in the world do you do with the dish-water and sour milk? there should be a half barrel of it nearly all the time, but there stands the barrel now as empty as my hat," and to add force to his words when he said "my hat," he took off his old battered, 'bused, no-colored Leghorn, and emphasized the words with a very demonstrative shake of the dilapidated old piece of head-gear.

I couldn't help but laugh a little gurgle, as I said, with a slight flavoring of bitterness, "why you'd made as good a public speaker as did the old hard-shell Baptist preacher down south. When in the pulpit he had occasion to say, 'from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot,' he illustrated by touching his old bald pate, and then lifted up and touched the broad, substantial sole of his foot, ha, ha!"

Father wouldn't be put off that way with a laugh, and he growled, saying: "how am I to make fat pigs, I'd like to know, when you don't save any will for 'em?"

Adolphus and Araminta had filled my thoughts so completely the day before that I couldn't condescend to pig feed, and stung the least bit I replied: "I so thoroughly detest pork that I cannot make myself feel much interest in the pigs, I don't care whether we have any or not." He went around to the cistern-pump to fill the pails with water, remarking: "Some people are more nice than wise, and I have heard of folks getting above their business. When Tom Hardy was elected road-master he wore his best clothes week days,

and didn't speak to people who held no office."

That cut of the lash fit pretty closely. I had worn my best merino every day for the last week, and I was chairman of a committee appointed to devise ways and means to keep poor old Docksey Speerwell out of the almshouse. Tom Hardy was a fellow who went about blowing like a whale, his lips were always open, and his chin moist and clammy as a nursing babe's, caused probably by a leak in the machinery about his mouth. He had been elected to the office by the fun-loving majority of his party, and not because he was qualified to fill that position. And this was the man to whom poor, indignant father compared me, his best beloved olive plant!

I observed when he passed the door with his pails of water, that his teeth were set squarely together, his back was straighter than ever, and the demonstrative hat sprawled all over his head as if it had slipped and fallen and caught thereabouts.

I knew by these infallible signs that he was a little angry. So, there was another sky clouded. This was all my morning's work.

I stole off to my own room and sat down in my little chair and closed my eyes and tried to shut the pain and the humiliation out of my heart. I had been unwomanly, had not guarded my tongue, had not spoken kindly or given the soft answer. I had, prompted by the irritability attending my indisposition, spoken words without provocation, that were like barbed arrows tipped with poison.

I aspired daily to a larger field—for greater opportunities, while already my field was wider than I could measure—my opportunities grander than I could estimate or grapple—my work greater than my strength or power or means.

I had laughed at the fable of the boy who sought earnestly to find a four-leaved clover. He wandered in a vain search of fifty years over both continents. He returned to the home of his childhood, old and gray and forgotten, uncared for and unloved, and sat down on the familiar door-step to rest and wipe away his regretful tears, when lo! in a seam in the stone at his feet was a green growing four-leaf clover!

Hadn't I reached far out for a work to do—for a higher sphere, a wider field—believing myself born for better things—hadn't I lain awake at nights looking up at the stars and dreaming of grander and nobler and more exalted work than the mere treading of these

daily paths, handling these homely, rough, common tools, talking of house and home affairs, commending, cheering, advising, planning, helping with words, good and loving words, sweet with hope and rejoicing—but often with words cold and harsh had I met those with whom I mingled daily.

While the pain was riotous the light was coming, and I was beginning to see.

A greater work than I could do was already before me—around me—within me—my hands were running over full of it, my heart was recreant, my tongue unguarded, and my words unkind.

Oh a great work was mine to do!

A woman who cannot speak the "soft answer" under provocation is unfitted for any work, even that of taking care of a helpless infant, and in this even I had been weighed and found wanting.

I thought then, as I pressed my hands on my throbbing temples, and the hot tears stole down my cheeks, that first of all I would begin to work at home, and as I grew and became strong, God would put work before me suited to my capacity.

He wants no bunglers or new hands conceitedly thrusting themselves forward and urging their claims and superior attainments. We must be tried as by fire.

We must begin with ourselves and the first grand lesson should be to command our own tempers, to put our inordinate self-love under our feet.

Our love of self is the first foe to attack. By His help we can win the victory.

THE SWEETS OF SCIENCE.

BY L. S. H.

THE sources of sugar in the vegetable kingdom are almost innumerable, but its production for economic purposes is chiefly confined to four plants—namely, the sugar cane, beet root, some palms, and a species of maple. We may remind our readers, however, that most fruits afford sugar when in a ripe state, and that many starch-producing substances, as the beet and carrot, also afford saccharine matter; and that by chemical means the starch-like products of many plants may be converted into grape sugar. The palm tribe of certain species affords saccharine matter, as the coconut (*cocos nucifera*), the Palmyra palm (*Borassus flabelliformis*), and the wine palm (*Caryota wrens*) of India, from each of which sugar and intoxicating liquors are produced.

The birch-tree (*Betula alba*) possesses a sweet juice, which, on fermentation, produces a kind of wine, resulting from the chemical changes of the sugar it contains; and the spruce beer of Norway is also a result of the presence of sugar in the sap of a species of fir.

The ash family also affords a sweet juice, from which manna is obtained in Sicily, Southern Italy, Greece, and other warm-temperate countries. The juice is obtained by incisions in the bark; and on being evaporated and refined, the product much resembles the best loaf sugar of commerce.

The sugar cane (*Saccharum officinarum*), belonging to the grape order, is probably a native of Southern Asia. It was first cultivated in China, but is now largely grown in nearly every tropical climate, and ranks among the most important vegetable productions. Cane sugar contains eighteen per cent. of saccharine matter; beet root ten per cent.; the latter is largely produced in France, and the grain of the sugar is much closer and finer than that from the sugar cane. One hundred pounds of "brown," or fifty-five pounds of "loaf" sugar, are obtainable from one ton of the root. Maple sugar is obtained from the *acer saccharinum* by piercing the bark when the sap rises in February, boiling and crystallizing; it resembles common brown sugar, and may be refined in a similar manner. On an average, from two to four pounds of sugar is obtained from each tree, and a "sugar camp" is among the most desirable possessions of settlers in the far West.

It is somewhat singular that sugar should be derived from sources so utterly dissimilar, both with respect to the plants and the circumstances of their growth. The maple in North America, the beet of Continental Europe, the palm of India, and the sugar cane of the tropics generally, are as unlike, in external and botanical characteristics, as any four plants can very well be; and yet they each afford the coveted juice in an almost ready state for use, and identical in physical and chemical qualities. The curious nature of this is enhanced when we remember that, practically, there are not more than six sources of sugar yet discovered, despite the enormous variety existing in the vegetable kingdom, and the similarity of character which so many possess to the sugar-producing plants in every respect but that of its actual production.

TO DESPOND at difficulty, discovers want of stability. To despair at danger, want of courage.

THE STEP-DAUGHTER.

"VERONICA!"—"Veronica!"

Yes; I heard them calling and searching for me—hither and thither with confused exclamations and laughter. I heard also the hurried tread of feet upon the great staircase, the opening and closing of doors, and occasional bursts of music from the rooms below. Yet I heeded not the festivity and gladness, and remained secure in the deep window overlooking the gardens, and shaded by the heavy silken curtains.

It was a festal night at Glockenburn—a night of rejoicing, for my father had but a few hours previous brought back to his stately mansion, a new bride. For this reason, was there music and gayety, brilliant lights, beaming faces, and joyous greetings.

But I stood aloof from it all—proudly alone, with a heart full of evil emotions. I, of all of them, owned no thralldom save my will, that one great self of my nature. Revering with absorbing devotion, the sacred memory of my dead mother, I could not acknowledge another in her place. Child though I was, I had long been the only mistress of Glockenburn, and should I thus surrender my royal sceptre into stranger hands? I who should have been sole sovereign, sole heiress of Glockenburn!

All the bitterness and pride of my spirit rushed forth at these thoughts, and my whole frame quivered with emotion. Envy, hatred, and all evil passions, crowded around my heart. I plucked one by one, the red roses that clambered about the lattice, and, tearing them in pieces, dashed them down into the walk below.

Again could I distinguish the voices of my gay cousins, calling repeatedly and with impatience—"Veronica! Veronica! where art thou?"

But I closed my lips firmly, standing upright and proudly in the full moonlight, behind the curtains. Presently steps came nearer, and a hand was laid upon the lock of my door. I knew that they would find me now; that they would drag me forth in their giddy mood. So I stepped from my concealment and stood calmly awaiting them.

Instantly the door burst open, and a gay troop hurried into the apartment. A glad shout greeted my appearance—then again they

grew silent, remaining uncertain and wavering as they looked upon me.

Haughtily, and with angry defiance in my eyes, I stood in their midst.

"Why have you sought me?" I cried, passionately. "Why break in upon my solitude and disturb me with your merriment? I go not with you—my foot shall not cross the threshold of that door."

My cousins and their young guests shrank back in amazement at my words. Even the merry Genevieve, their leader, was abashed.

"Veronica!" said my father, in a stern voice, as he stepped into the apartment—"you are no longer a child to indulge in such caprice. I command you to follow me."

His clouded brow and tones of displeasure left me no alternative. I obeyed.

With a beating heart and disordered dress I followed the laughing throng down the broad stairs, through the lighted corridors, even to the festal rooms below. I looked around upon the gay groups that hovered throughout the rooms. All wore smiles upon their countenances, and were clothed in gala-dresses. My dark robe and unbraided hair illy accorded with the rich costumes and shining fabrics which ever and anon floated past me in the dance. Still I passed onward in the wake of my conductors, silently and with scornful tread.

At the upper extremity of the long room, underneath a bridal canopy of white hangings and roses, stood a slight and graceful figure. She wore rich robes of shining satin, a veil of lace, and a crown of nuptial flowers. Very fair and very beautiful she looked in her snowy attire. I had never dreamed of aught so lovely. Her face was more beautiful than that of the Madonna in the chapel, more angelic than that of the pictured saint in the calendar of the Passover.

She was the new bride, she was—my step-mother.

Had she been less lovely, I might have forgiven her usurpation of my rights. But that very loveliness aroused my hatred, and augmented the indomitable pride within me.

We stood directly before her. I felt that all eyes were upon me, that all ears awaited the sound of my voice. She stepped hastily for-

ward—a blush was upon her cheek, and she outstretched both her fair hands to me.

I did not reciprocate the movement. I did not even lift the bridal veil to my lips, as was customary, or salute the jeweled cross which hung upon her arm.

Bowing low in mock reverence, and with a haughty flush upon my brow, I spoke clearly, but coldly: "You are welcome—quite welcome to Glockenburn. I wish you all happiness, and greet you with a bridal greeting."

Her hands dropped beside her; the blush died upon her cheek, and she turned away with suffused eyes. My father gazed upon me with anger in his glance, yet no word escaped his lips. The guests exchanged whispers one with another, and my cousins stood awe-struck around me. I broke from their midst and rushed to my apartment.

I donned my gayest attire, bound my waist with a golden cord, and braided by long, dark hair with jewels. Flushed and excited, I stood before the mirror and viewed myself reflected therein. My eyes gleamed with unnatural brilliancy, my cheeks were crimson, and illuminated my dark face. I could not believe that I was the same calm, passionless Veronica of yore.

I did not stop to consider my new character, but descended again the staircase, and stood once more in the bridal hall. I was the gayest of them all. I whirled in the giddy dance, keeping pace with the music in impetuous delight. My senses were bewildered, my brain on fire. I was scarcely aware of my own existence. Yet, wherever I turned, I felt that a spell was upon me. Yes, I felt the mournful gaze of those wondering blue eyes, although I saw them not. I knew that my step-mother watched my every motion with a sorrowful and earnest glance.

The last lights were extinguished, the music hushed, the guests departed. I gained my own room unmolested, and, hastily disrobing, threw myself upon my couch. I cast aside the crimson curtains, and allowed the moonlight to fall in upon me. I dared not look back upon my past actions, lest I should repent. Feverish, and with an exhausted spirit, I closed my eyes. That night, a vision appeared unto me. I dreamed that a white figure bent over me with folded hands, and it said: "Veronica, I greet thee with a bridal greeting."

It was the feast of the Pentecost. The great hall was lined with green branches, and garlands were hung upon the walls. The little

chapel was adorned also with evergreen. My young cousins were robed in white, looking peaceful and happy, and wearing little knots of blue flowers in their bosoms. My step-mother, also, was more beautiful than before, even paler and gentler. Since the evening of the bridal, we had ever avoided each other. She, sadly and timidly; I, disdainfully and proudly. My father's lips were closed. He no longer smiled upon me. Neither did he speak. My cousins, awed by my unpardonable conduct, kept aloof, and did not molest me with their gaiety.

The great clock on the staircase struck two, the hour for prayer. My apartment was adjoining the little chapel, and there I sat alone, with no white robe about me, and no blue flowers resting upon my unquiet breast.

I could hear the sound of the organ, swelling out its mellow notes upon the air, as my step-mother played the "All praise Thee," the divine hymn. How touchingly its deep tones spoke to me, melting my heart, and teaching of the grace, the glory, the majesty of my Creator.

Then there was a great hush, a stillness profound, and I knew that they were at prayer. I threw myself upon my knees. I covered my face with my hands, and wept the first tears of remorse and anguish that had ever dimmed my eyes. Oh, how great was my sin and self-abasement! How immeasurably great the wickedness of my heart!

Again I listened. I heard my father's voice, and my cousins responding fervently "amen." Then my step-mother's voice spoke clearly and distinctly: "Peace and good-neighborhood be between us, my children."

And again they responded cheerfully and earnestly: "Peace and good-neighborhood."

Oh, how those words thrilled to my heart! I longed to join with them, also, to rest my weary head upon my step-mother's bosom, and whisper those words of love and amity. Crushed and humbled, I bowed myself in the dust, and cried aloud for forgiveness.

Thus, for a great length of time, I remained in anguish and despair, my face hidden among the cushions of the couch. At last some one lifted the latch of my door; yet I heeded it not. Light footsteps echoed across the floor, and the rustle of garments disturbed me. I lifted my head; my step-mother stood beside me.

She still wore her white robes, and her long hair waved upon her shoulders. Her beautiful face looked down upon me with a pensive, angelic expression.

"Peace and good-neighborhood," she uttered, gently. Her voice was tremulous with emotion, and there were traces of tears upon her countenance. Those tears had been shed for me—in secret and in sorrow.

There was no pride in my heart now. I took both her hands in mine, and drew her gently down beside me. Her fair hair fell about me, and I laid my weary head upon her bosom.

"Peace and good-neighborhood, my mother," I whispered.

She encircled me with her arm, and I could feel her warm tears upon my cheek, and thus we remained in an unspeakable trance of joy.

At last my step-mother spoke. She said: "Veronica, I also have erred and suffered; therefore, have I less to forgive. Once, in my pride of heart, did I turn a deaf ear to His holy purposes and love. But the beloved voice and angel-teachings of a departed one have pointed out to me the path of rectitude. And now am I unceasingly thankful for the beautiful examples and glorious wisdom of our Saviour."

My step-mother ceased speaking, and embraced me fervently. Twilight was already curtaining the windows, when we descended the stairs arm in arm. The halls were lighted, and a glad gleam went shining upon the walls and intertwining among the gay garlands. My young cousins crowded around me once again, and my father stood smiling in their midst. With a subdued spirit, I knelt at his feet, and received his blessing.

"Peace and good-neighborhood," whispered the pretty Genevieve at my side, and she crowned me with a wreath of myrtle blossoms.

I looked around at my young cousins, with their white robes and happy faces; at my step-mother, beautiful and loving; at my father, with his kind eyes full of tears. Then I stood up among them, and with a thankful spirit cried unto them all: "Peace and good-neighborhood."

THE PAY OF PASTORS.

Scribner's Monthly not long since contained an excellent article entitled "Shepherds and their Flocks," from which we take the subjoined extract. It should be well considered by all church-going people.

"If a man is fit to preach, he is worth wages. If he is worth wages, they should be paid with all the business regularity that is

demanding and enforced in business life. There is no man in the community who works harder for the money he receives than the faithful minister. There is no man—in whose work the community is interested—to whom regular wages, that shall not cost him a thought, are so important. Of what possible use in a pulpit can any man be whose weeks are frittered away in mean cares and dirty economies? Every month, or every quarter-day, every pastor should be sure that there will be placed in his hands, as his just wages, money enough to pay all his expenses. Then, without a sense of special obligation to anybody, he can preach the truth with freedom, and prepare for his public ministrations without distraction. Nothing more cruel to a pastor, or more disastrous to his work, can be done than to force upon him a feeling of dependence upon the charities of his flock. The office of such a man does not rise in dignity above that of a court-fool. He is the creature of the popular whim, and a preacher without influence to those who do not respect him or his office sufficiently to pay him the wages due to a man who devotes his life to them. Manliness cannot live in such a man, except it be in torture—a torture endured simply because there are others who depend upon the charities doled out to him.

"Good, manly pastors and preachers do not want gifts: they want wages. It is not a kindness to eke out insufficient salaries by donation parties and by benefactions from the richer members of a flock. It is not a merit, as they seem to regard it, for parishes or individuals to do this. It is an acknowledgment of indebtedness which they are too mean to pay in a business way. The pastor needs it and they owe it, but they take to themselves the credit of benefactors, and place him in an awkward and a false position. The influence of this state of things upon the world that lies outside of the sphere of Christian belief and activity is bad beyond calculation. We have had enough of the patronage of Christianity by a half-scoffing, half-tolerating world. If Christians do not sufficiently recognize the legitimacy of the pastor's calling to render him fully his just wages, and to assist him to maintain his manly independence before the world, they must not blame the world for looking upon him with a contempt that forbids approach and precludes influence. The world will be quite ready to take the pastor at the valuation of his friends, and the religion he teaches at the price its professors are willing to pay, in a business way, for its ministry."

WHICH IS THE HEIRESS?

BY S. JENNIE JONES.

CHAPTER IX.

THE rays of the morning stole into the chamber of Blanche Everly. She opened her eyes and looked around with a surprised, half-sorrowful expression, for a moment.

"Another rising and setting sun," she murmured, softly, "and then the glory that fadeth not away."

"I have had such a beautiful dream, Barton," she said, smiling into his face as he bent over her. "We were all together, you and mother, and Bert, and all, and we came to a little stream, beyond which were delightful groves with cool, shadowy rocks, and trees with luscious fruit, and bubbling streams, and fountains, and all that makes earth beautiful; and I said, 'Let us go over.' But you answered: 'The stream is wide and deep.' And I replied that it was but a shallow brook that I could easily step across; and I did so. As soon as I was on the other side, I was met by one so beautiful! who took my hand saying: 'Welcome, welcome! your friends will cross to-morrow;' and I turned to see that you were still on the other side. And then I was caught up into a place that I cannot describe; and, oh, I was happier than I can tell you; and when I awoke I was sorry, for a moment, to find myself still here. But I will cross this evening, and you will all come soon."

She smiled peacefully and slept again. The day wore slowly and painfully by, as they watched the white face with its dark-fringed eyelids, and transparent, blue veined temples, tremblingly uncertain, every now and then, whether they looked on the living or the dead.

Dr. Dwight called at an early hour to see his patient at Marshal Place. He shook his head ominously as he took his leave.

"A very bad case," he muttered. "If it is possible to procure a good nurse, I will send you one to-day," he continued, in a low voice, addressing Lillian. "You are not strong enough for this."

Ralph, who had appeared unconscious, now opened his eyes.

"I perceive you are still plotting," he exclaimed, savagely. "I tell you, that young lady has promised to stand by me to the end.

You may inform the blind woman that the fates have changed."

"Poor fellow, poor fellow!" said the doctor. "Here, miss, give this carefully according to directions, and keep him as quiet as possible. I will try to call again this evening. Take care of yourself, miss. Get out in the air as often as possible. Blanche—poor child—yes, she is still alive," he went on in answer to Lillian's inquiries; "but cannot possibly last longer than till evening. Ah! we are all born to die, all born to die! Good-morning, miss," and the brisk little doctor hurried away to look after his patients at the Flats.

Ralph was quiet again, and Lillian left her aid at his bedside, and went down-stairs to take the breakfast, which Joyce declared she could not live without; but scarcely had she seated herself at the table, when the old woman came hurrying in with: "Miss, he is a ravin' for your cousin now, but of course it's you he wants to see. The very sight of you seems to pacify him. I'll put the coffee and steak to the stove, and keep them nice till you get him to sleep again, honey."

Lillian hastily swallowed a little coffee and hurried back to Ralph.

"I want you to sit here," he said, indicating the seat which Joyce had just left with alacrity, "and resist all attempts of the blind woman's allies to force you away. She will come to-day herself, I am sure," he continued, "but you must not allow her to come in. Tell her that the constellations have changed, and all further revelation from her is unnecessary. I have taken my fate into my own hands. Her scroll is useless."

Lillian assured him that all his wishes should be complied with, and bathed his hot forehead, talking all the while quietly and soothingly. But it was long before he was sufficiently composed to sleep; yet it came at last, and yielding to the prostration caused by loss of rest and refreshment, Lillian's head sank back in her chair, and slumber came to her tired brain.

She was awakened softly by Simeon, who whispered: "Blind Bertha is at the door and insists on seeing Mr. Warburton. I informed her that it was utterly impracticable at the present time, but she refuses to postpone the interview."

Wholly unconscious of any incongruity of speech, the old man complacently took up his position by the sleeping invalid, while Lilian, wondering if she was dreaming, glided noiselessly down-stairs. She was met at the outer door by Mrs. Edwards and her granddaughter. She led the way at once to the sitting-room. "Sit down and dry your feet," she said, kindly. "I have not seen you for ever so long; but it is because we have had company, and aunty is gone, and I have been so very busy."

"Mr. Warburton is sick, I am told," prefaced Mrs. Edwards.

"Very sick indeed," answered Lilian. "The doctor says his life depends on being kept perfectly quiet."

"How long since?" asked the visitor, abruptly.

"He became worse yesterday about noon."

"Ah, yes, that accounts for his failure. I never knew a Warburton to break his word. Where is your cousin?"

Lilian informed her.

"Ah, me!" moaned the old woman, "death is abroad in various forms! Well, young lady, do the best you can for Ralph Warburton. Poor Ralph! It is better he should know the truth when he is able to hear it. Should he grow better and ask for me, send for me at once. Will you?" she demanded.

Lilian promised to do so.

"Bless you, my child. May your strength be equal to your day; yet I warn you to beware," she added, solemnly. "I will call again soon. Good-morning."

Lilian closed the door after the strange visitor, and sitting down on the lowest step of the stairs, rubbed her forehead and tried to rally her confused thoughts.

"What does it all mean?" she asked, herself. "How should Ralph have known anything of Bertha, or she of him? He has evidently visited at Moss Dell cottage; but why should he have observed such secrecy? And what is the revelation to which they both refer?"

She was roused from her soliloquy by the sound of voices above; and hurried up-stairs to find Simeon endeavoring, with a ludicrous redundancy of polysyllabic words, to quiet his companion, to the ineffable disgust of that individual, who on seeing Lilian, exclaimed: "Put that fellow and his tautological vocabulary of long-spun words down-stairs, please."

Lilian smiled involuntarily.

"And then," he added, with the tone and air of a deeply injured man, "pray, compel yourself to stay with me for a brief interval!"

Lilian sat down by his bed, and was soon busy again with her thoughts.

"Has the blind woman been here yet?" he asked, suddenly.

Lilian hesitated for a moment.

"Aha, I see!" he said, quickly. "You want to conceal the truth from me. She has been here."

"Yes, she has been here, but has gone," answered Lilian. "She shall not trouble you."

"Did she reveal to you the barrier, as written in the horoscope of my destiny?"

"She told me nothing about it," replied Lilian. "Now go to sleep, and don't think of it; it troubles you."

"And as soon as I am asleep, you will leave me to the mercy of my enemies!" he exclaimed.

"No, I promise," she answered, "to stay by you till you wake again."

With this assurance, Ralph Warburton closed his eyes; and Lilian, true to her word, sat by him till the shadows began to lengthen. Toward evening she received a note from Luna, reporting that Blanche was still apparently sleeping, and no change was perceptible; and containing inquiries concerning Ralph.

She tested his pulse before replying, and found it was fearfully rapid. His temples were throbbing with fever heat. She hastily dispatched her note, and applied more ice to his head.

"Oh, if he should die!" she murmured, her face wild with the anguish of the thought.

Ralph opened his eyes suddenly. "Should you care at all?" he asked.

Lilian turned her face away, and arranged the blind to shade the light away from his eyes. And then the doctor's step was heard on the stairs. He pronounced Ralph to be doing as well as he expected to find him, and reported himself unable to procure a nurse.

"I have one in view, however," he said, "whom I may be able to secure in a few days. Continue the same treatment during the night. I will call early in the morning. Your cousin is still at Mrs. Warner's. Ah, you efficient young ladies are *rara aves*, such as a physician seldom meets with. Good-night, miss." And he bowed to Lilian as he might have saluted a goddess.

The sun was setting, and a bright beam glancing through a parting in the thick curtains, fell upon the bed where the sands of Blanche Everly's life were rapidly running out. Her

eyelids unclosed, and she smiled in a satisfied way.

"Open the window, please," she said, in her usual tone.

They did her bidding, admitting the full glory of gold and crimson from the glowing western sky.

"Please raise me up a little," she said; and tender arms were about her, and the brown curls were gilded with the halo of the sunset, and the large, dark eyes grew brighter with entrancing vision. "It is beautiful—glorious!" she murmured. "But," clasping her hands in an ecstasy, "look! oh, look! just on the other side!"

There was no gasp, no struggle; but when, a moment later, Barton Everly laid the bright young head tenderly back on the pillow, they all knew that she had passed over to "the other side."

CHAPTER X.

The autumn rains had fallen on Blanche Everly's grave, and many more had been made in the quiet little cemetery; but Ralph Warburton had escaped the fatality that claimed so many, and was now rallying under the effect of good nursing and skilful medical care.

As soon as reason resumed her throne, Lilian had absented herself from his room. But he sent for her to administer his medicine, and one pretext followed another, from day to day, to keep her in his sight.

Luna, prostrated with weariness and watching, required nearly as much attention as Ralph. Yet, still Lilian's wonderful strength sustained her.

Ralph had ceased to mention the blind woman and her revelation, his constant theme during his delirium. His manner was strangely constrained, but his eyes spoke more plainly than words could have done, the sentiments with which he regarded this woman whose presence had seemed necessary to his very existence. Blunt little Dr. Dwight had, on more than one occasion, said: "I assure you, Mr. Warburton, you owe your life to this young lady." And Ralph had feelingly expressed his gratitude, but nothing more.

One evening, as she administered his medicine, he took the cup from her, and, setting it down quickly, seized the hand that had presented it, and pressed it to his lips, passionately exclaiming: "My preserver! My guardian angel! My—"

The next moment he compressed his lips

firmly, and the old constraint seemed to fall upon him.

"Has any one called to see me during my illness?" he asked presently.

"Yes," answered Lilian. "Mrs. Edwards, the blind woman, has called several times. She is very anxious to talk with you, but we thought it best to refuse her admittance while you were so ill."

"You were right," he replied. "But please bring her in the next time she calls. I stopped at her cottage one day to escape a shower, and became very much interested in her. She is perfectly blind, is she not?"

"Perfectly," replied Lilian; "but displays a wonderful acuteness of the other senses. Her hearing seems almost miraculous."

Ralph recalled a striking confirmation of this fact, but forebore to mention it.

One afternoon, after Ralph's appetite had begun to return, Lilian was busy preparing a little delicacy of which she had told him, and which he had thought would be "delightfully appetizing." The young man was comfortably established in an easy chair near the window, a bouquet of geraniums and roses and an entertaining book on the table near him. Lilian, down in the kitchen, was deep in the mysteries of her culinary feat, her cheeks flushed with the heat of the stove and the pleasure of her task, singing little snatches of song in a glad, quiet way, when the door-bell rang loudly.

"Oh, dear, dear!" ejaculated Joyce, lifting her hands in horror from the doughy depths of the kneading trough. "Could you take time to go, honey? That bell always rings when it hadn't ought to."

Lilian smilingly announced her readiness, and, setting her stew-pan off the stove, proceeded to answer the summons. She found, as she expected, blind Bertha waiting for admittance. She was shown at once to Ralph's room, and Lilian hurried back to the kitchen.

A considerable time passed, and Ralph's tea was in readiness, the waiter temptingly spread, and everything arranged with care, and Lilian began to fear for the delay in serving up the dainty dish she had prepared. But still the conference above continued; and not until the sun had veiled itself behind the western hills did the blind woman take her departure.

Sending Joyce up before her to arrange the table, Lilian hurried back to the kitchen for the supper that she knew Ralph must be needing by this time. She had just lifted the waiter from the table when Joyce came panting back. She looked embarrassed, and fum-

bled the door-knob awkwardly as she stammered, "Please, miss, Mr. Warburton'll excuse you to-night, he says; he don't want no supper, honey, and he said I was to give him his medicine."

Lilian staggered back and would have dropped the waiter, but for the timely assistance of the old woman who, noting the effect of her words, stepped forward and taking it from her hands, said, coaxingly, "Eat your own supper, dearie, and then go to bed. I know you're tired," and she left the room, muttering to herself, "Whatever has that old woman been putting into Mr. Warburton's head, to make him refuse his supper, after the poor child has worked herself a'most sick to get it?"

Lilian had staggered for a moment, but only for a moment; the next, she scorned herself for her weakness. She felt that a blow had fallen, but resolved

"To rise up in her woman's strength,
And bravely journey on her way."

This man had never told her that he loved her, save in the raving of delirium; and if she had unwomanly given her love unsought, it was meet she should receive such a reward. But he should never know—never! Humanity demanded all that she had done for him. Her woman's pride remained untouched: and whatever revelation blind Bertha had made, neither she nor Ralph should ever know that the consequences were aught to her.

So the next day passed, and the next, and a week followed, and she went no more to the invalid's room. Yet he heard her singing about the house as usual—heard her inquire about him occasionally. Poor Ralph! his appetite improved but slowly, yet his strength seemed to be returning. As soon as he was able, he walked his room incessantly; sometimes far into the night.

The gold and crimson of October were flaming in the forest, and the autumn flowers were in the full pride of their bloom, when he left his room for the first time.

He looked the wreck of his former self, and a heart less sympathetic than that of Lilian Duncan would have felt a pang on seeing the utter despair stamped on his thin features.

"Mr. Warburton," asked Luna, as he returned from a short walk in the garden, "will you have your dinner sent up, or will you dine socially to-day?"

The young man smiled faintly. "Thank you, I will dine with you to-day," he said. "I would like a few more social repasts before

I leave you. I must return home next week."

And so Ralph and Lilian met again from day to day; and Lilian was brilliantly gay, and Ralph wore a studied cheerfulness and attempted ease, which fitted him badly; and every body else felt uncomfortable. Joyce "could never make out what in the world was the matter."

Luna puzzled her head completely, and alternately scolded and coaxed her cousin, and petted and teased Ralph.

Lilian acted her role much more skilfully than she had even hoped to do. Assuming a careless ease, she met this man from time to time, with a hospitable courtesy, mingled with graceful indifference, so perfectly counterfeited as to defy detection. She could not hide from herself the fact that Ralph was suffering acutely, but at every such reflection, her pride reasserted itself, and not the slightest token did she betray of the pity that was wringing her heart. When he asked her for a song, she sang the merriest that she knew; while, even as her fingers flew over the keys, and her voice rose clearly in the glad notes of the song, she was striving with

"* * * * *
Lips that were burning with words they'd be speaking,
And eyes that were hot with the tears they'd be weeping,
And heart that was tired of its secret in keeping."

And so the days came and went. Ralph slowly recovering his strength; shunning Lilian's society with a persistence nearly as marked as that with which he had lately courted it. Lilian, apparently unconscious of the change, neither sought nor avoided his company. She looked paler, in a slight degree, than usual, but this could be readily accounted for, and she bravely sustained her part to the end.

The evening before his expected departure, she played the liveliest sonata her music afforded; and her talk was full of ripples of merriment and scintillations of witicism, to the intense provocation of Luna, who wondered within herself "if the girl were losing her senses, that she seemed so brilliantly unconscious of the impunity with which she was ignoring the fitness of things."

Ralph retired early, and Luna gave her cousin her good-night kiss with lips that "pouted beautifully," Lilian said, and hurried to her own room to cry for very vexation.

Lilian played two or three more little, frolicsome glees, and then went to her room. She

extinguished her light, and sank down on the floor, with her hands clasped tightly over her forehead, her face deadly pale, in the moonlight that fell across the room.

Long after every sound about the house died away, she rose, and stole noiselessly out on the balcony. Crouching down in the shadow of the vines, with her fingers still pressed over her temples, she looked out into the night as if she expected relief to come from afar. It was thus Ralph Warburton found her, half an hour later; coming abruptly upon her, ere either had seen the other.

"Pardon my intrusion," he said. "I was not aware that you were on the balcony. But allow me one word with you, Lillian. We part to-morrow; and we may not meet again. I wish," he proceeded, haltingly, "to express my gratitude to you once more. You have been to me more than a sister in my illness. I shall never forget. May Heaven reward you, Lillian."

The girl was very pale and trembling; but she kept in the shadow of the woodbine, and the brave heart did not fail.

"I have had my reward," she answered, calmly. "I desire no other than the consciousness of having discharged what was due humanity and friendship."

"Good-night, Lillian."

"Good-night, Mr. Warburton, and happy dreams."

And so they parted.

Mrs. Marshal was making preparations for her return, when she received a telegram summoning her home immediately; and returned to find the short day of Lillian Duncan's life evidently fading into twilight.

Dr. Dwight was noting the faint pulsations in the delicate wrist, with a face that said too plainly: "There is no hope." And when, a moment later, he laid it gently down and turned away, they whispered: "She is dead!"

CHAPTER XI.

Dr. Dwight walked twice up and down the room, with his eyes on the floor, and then returned to the spot where Lillian Duncan lay, beautiful in the marble whiteness of cheek, and lip, and brow, with the shimmer of golden autumn sunlight falling over the bed, through the vine-leaves at the window. The doctor had, of late, grown familiar with the face of death; and had learned to look upon it with a calmness that some were pleased to style "heartless in-

difference;" yet he seemed in this instance to ignore strangely the solemn truth he had so lately rehearsed in the ears of the one now lying before him. "We are born to die."

"It cannot be; it cannot be!" he muttered to himself, again and again testing the wrist, hoping against hope for a feeble fluttering of the pulse that had ceased to beat.

One by one the slow minutes told out their weary length, and the shimmer of the sunlight paled, and anguished fear darkened into despair. Mrs. Marshal and Luna were led gently from the room, and tender hands made ready for the performance of the last, sad offices of love, when Dr. Dwight sprang up hastily, saying: "Stop! Simeon, take my horse and go quickly for Dr. Mayne. Tell him to bring—but wait"—and hastily tearing a leaf from his note-book, he hurriedly pencilled a few lines, and urging him to haste, returned to the bedside. Half an hour later, Joyce, in the thoughtless gladness of her kind old heart, burst into Mrs. Marshal's room, exclaiming: "There's life, there's life! there's hope, yet!"

A faint spark of life had, indeed, become perceptible; but so faint that it was long before the faithful physicians ceased to fear that the next moment would extinguish it. And after they had succeeded in rousing her from the syncope so near the final sleep, days and then weeks passed, and still she seemed to hover midway between life and death.

But her earth work was not yet done; and slowly, half-regretfully, she came back from the border-land of the spirit world, to take up again the weary march that cannot cease till He has said: "It is enough."

When the mantle of winter lay white over all, she looked from her chamber window, at the snow-wreathed graves in the little churchyard, and at the deep, peacefully rolling river beyond, and murmured: "O the blessedness of Rest!"

But this was during the weakness of the early stages of her recovery, ere she had learned how much the heart may bear nor break! ere she had learned that there is a lifting up of itself above itself, an immersion in the great ocean of love to God and man, which, if granted to the stricken soul, enable it to look down upon its sorrow, from heights whose atmosphere is a peace that cannot be spoken.

Ralph Warburton had sailed for Europe soon after taking leave of his friends at Marshal Place. He found no difficulty in establishing his claim to his father's estate; and

after spending some time in travel for the benefit of his health, returned to B—, and proceeded energetically to carry out blind Bertha's injunction, to do good with the abundance which Heaven had bestowed upon him.

He kept his promise, both to her and Lilian, not to forget them, as certain valuable, anonymous packages, received quarterly by each, might have testified, could they have spoken.

The flowers had bloomed and faded twice on the grave of Blanche Everly, and the year was again in the midnight of its chill and gloom, as in his far away city home—as he called his boarding-house, Ralph Warburton was musing on the time and circumstances of her death; that time when he, too, had approached so near to "the River which none repass."

A few hours before, the busy banker in his office, might have been regarded as abundantly satisfied—happy in his immense wealth, present and prospective. But now, in the solitude of his own room, he sat in the waning firelight, with a look of tender sadness on his fine face, that came to it but rarely in those days.

"Twixt then and now the grave stones rise,
"Mid summer's green or winter's snow,"

he repeated half absently. Then he stirred the fire vigorously, and began to walk up and down his room. Then he sat down again, and anon resumed his walk.

All this was quite unlike the usual quiet dignity of demeanor characterizing "that very gentlemanly Mr. Warburton," whose changed manners had sorely puzzled Mrs. Ardale, his worthy landlady, on this particular day. "He had hardly tasted his breakfast, although the coffee and rolls were just as he liked them, and the steak was uncommonly nice."

She had expressed the fear that he was ill, but he had insisted that he was in his usual health. Then he had dined at a restaurant, which was quite out of keeping with his usual habits, and still "seemed troubled in his mind" when he came home to tea. He had asked her the same question twice in rapid succession; and replied, "No, madam, thank you," when she remarked the extreme coldness of the day, although the thermometer was clear in confirmation of the fact, to say nothing, of sundry testimonials in a sensational way.

All this was duly confided to Miss Honora Houston, second cousin, and first confidante of Mrs. Ardale, and the result was an investigating expedition, planned and set on foot by Miss Honora, who—despite her name—being a person not overburdened with a nice sense of

honor, was not the one to shrink from duty which involved keyhole listening and kindred contingencies.

Taking this fact into consideration, it was unfortunate for "that gentlemanly Mr. Warburton," that, on this particular evening he was indulging in audible soliloquy, a thing, in itself, quite unusual for him.

"The blind woman must have been at fault in this one particular; it is not true. I cannot believe it—I never have believed it, despite the proofs she adduced. Fool that I was, why did I not investigate the matter while there was hope? Too late! too late!" and the man fairly groaned the words. Then he took from his desk the cause of these demonstrations of excitement. The wedding cards of Gilbert Warner and Lilian Duncan!

"She never cared for me, or she could not have forgotten so soon—but what am I talking of?"

And then he fell back on the former ejaculation. "False! false! The blind woman was mistaken! Too late! too late!"

The young man next proceeded to throw open his window, on that December night, and seated himself thereby. The effect was beneficial; his brain seemed to cool rapidly; in a short time Ralph Warburton was his former self, seated calmly at the table, inditing a congratulatory epistle—a very garland of fragrant good wishes, bearing no blight from the bitter frost of pain that lay behind them. Ah, these gilded masks, in which we hide the paleness of our anguished faces!

Miss Honora, beginning to despair of further demonstrations, silently withdrew from her post of observation, and informed Mrs. Ardale, as the result of her investigations that "the young man was obviously deranged." Announcing with a shiver, as she drew her scarlet shawl about her plump shoulders, that "no sane man would sit at an open window in his dressing-gown, with the thermometer at ten degrees below zero!" The poor fellow seemed to be enjoying a lucid interval at present, but there was no conjecturing when the malady might culminate in violence. For her part she should never feel comfortable while he was in the house.

Mrs. Ardale threw up her hands with a faint little scream, and exclaimed: "Really, Honora!" and proceeded to weigh in carefully-adjusted balance the pecuniary advantages accruing from the presence of her gentlemanly boarder, against the danger of having a possibly deranged person in the house.

"Are you quite sure, Honora, that you are not mistaken—that you heard and saw aright?"

Miss Honora Houston drew herself up with dignity.

"I trust, Mehetabel Ardale, that I am not losing my sight and hearing *already!*" indicating the utter absurdity of the thought by a profound emphasis on the adverb.

Mrs. Ardale's tone was beseechingly conciliatory. "Why, no, Honora, the idea is preposterous! But this is really strange beyond belief. Mr. Warburton has boarded with me nearly eighteen months; and all this is so far out of the usual line of his conduct."

"The very reason why it is calculated to awaken just alarm," responded Miss Honora, conclusively.

N. B.—Whether or not any thought of an impressive predecessor, who was wont to escort the charming Honora to operas, concerts, etc., and a glimmer of hope of a like appreciative successor, entered into the logic that pronounced Ralph Warburton demented, I am not authorized to affirm; but certain it is that, a fortnight later, he found himself comfortably established in new quarters, in the elegant private boarding-house of Mrs. Ophelia Latham, rejoicing in a companionable fellow boarder in Mr. Mark Doyne, an old college friend with whom he had once been on terms of close intimacy, but whom he had not had the pleasure of meeting before for years.

Happily unconscious of the fact that his former landlady had entertained serious doubts of his sanity, Ralph calmly accepted the issue, as ignorant of the second cause that had wrought the change, as incapable of sounding the depth of the end involved.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUDED.

The New Year came with its joy bells and its glad greetings, and rolled around with its burden of pleasures and griefs, bright fulfillments of its early promises, and heart-sinking disappointments—problems to be solved in the great hereafter—and, in its turn, drew near its end, and gave place to another, whose advent, heralding its death, was hailed by songs as joyous as those which welcomed its approach. And then the death reign of winter ceased, and earth wrought out once more the beautiful emblem of our resurrection.

Ralph Warburton and his friend Mark Doyne had just returned from a musical entertainment, and were sitting in the room of the

latter discussing Haydn's *Creation*, and other like topics, into which discussion Ralph entered with a cheerful zest which gave no hint of the mournful cadence into which his life music had long since fallen.

Ralph's was not of that weak, sickly type of manhood that mounts sentinel above its private griefs, with its colors at half-mast, ignoring all beside.

"Speaking of female voices, Warburton," said his friend, "there is a lady visiting at Dr. Holmes's whose voice is worthy of a siren. She unites rare purity with uncommon volume of tone. I want you to hear her, Ralph. I have, fortunately, a standing invitation from the ladies for myself and friends. But I warn you to put on your panoply, unless your heart is invulnerable, for this songstress is one who might estimate the fallen in her conquests, as did a warrior of old, 'heaps upon heaps.'"

Ralph laughed. "I'll venture," he said.

"Ah, you look incredulous," returned his companion. "But I know whereof I affirm. The young lady visited in the city last winter, and I know of more than one who came to grief through the irresistible attraction of her blue eyes, coupled with her marvelous powers of song. Indeed, I cannot say what might have been my own fate, but for the counter influence of 'a pair of orbs with liquid depths of brown,' to quote somebody. But if you are willing to brave the blind boy's shafts, we will hear this warbler to-morrow night."

"Pshaw!" answered Ralph, with a slight touch of impatience in his tone. And then, with sudden gayety, he continued: "Forewarned is forearmed, you know. I'll take the risk. What is the lady's name, Mark?"

"I don't know whether I can recall it or not," answered Mark. "I have a remarkable faculty for forgetting names, you know. I believe it is Ray; but, no matter, 'what's in a name?'"

"A great deal, sometimes," responded the other. "I might give you a striking illustration."

And then he checked himself suddenly, and changed the subject; and the two parted for the night, Mark Doyne thinking to himself that his friend Warburton had grown morbidly reserved since the old college days of free interchange of thought.

—
 "Oh, think not, aye, that the rippling laugh
 Is the gushing glee of an untried soul!
 The wind harp wakes to its clearest tones
 When the wildest blast o'er its chords doth roll."
 There was a plaintive cadence in the singer's

voice as it trembled on the notes, that held the gay company in Mrs. Holmes's drawing-room in breathless listening, as Ralph and his friend entered. But the sweet, sad pathos deepened to intensity on the next stanza of the song.

"O think not, ever, the joyous lay
Wells up from a heart that has felt no pain!
The sightless bird, in its endless night,
Still warbles its blithesome, morning strain."

While the last notes were yet vibrating in the ears of his listeners, the musician swept the keys, and woke a wordless melody, pregnant with peace, and fraught with speechless joy, that was like the outpouring of showers upon thirsty places, or the bursting forth of sunshine in a night of gloom.

Our friends were seated near the piano; and when the music ceased, the performer turned to Mark Doyme with a smiling recognition.

"Good evening, Miss—"

"Reade," supplemented the lady.

"I am happy to meet you again, Miss Reade; permit me to introduce my friend, Mr. Warburton."

Ralph started, and his lips framed the name of Lilian Duncan, but no sound escaped them. The next moment he took the proffered hand of the lady before him, and addressed her in a few words intended for her ears alone. She dropped her eyes and made no reply.

"For the sake of other days," he whispered pleadingly. She held her queenly head up proudly, for a moment, and then it bowed, and placing her hand within his arm she passed with him into an adjoining room. Mark Doyme's were not the only eyes that gazed blankly after the two as they disappeared. That gentleman exchanged glances with a friend near him. "One more unfortunate gone to his death!" he said, with a serio-comic air. "Well, he cannot say he has not been warned."

Ralph Warburton led his companion to a seat by the window at the farther side of the room, and sat down beside her. There was a shade of embarrassment perceptible on the part of both.

"Why are you not called Mrs. Warner? if I may ask." The deep tones trembled slightly on the words; but the sweet, womanly voice that responded, was clear and firm.

"Because that is not my name, Mr. Warburton."

"But I have now in my possession the wedding cards of Gilbert Warner and Lilian Duncan," replied Ralph.

"Have you?" she asked, with a slight start

of surprise; "then know that my name is not—has never been—Lilian Duncan. My cousin reversed our names, in the introductions, at our first meeting with yourself and Mr. Hartley, for a purpose, which, although it might not justify the deception, accomplished the intended results. This, however, is of slight moment to you," she added, with gentle dignity.

"It is a matter of life and death import to me," protested her companion. "Your true name is—?"

"Luna Reade."

"Then listen to me, Luna Reade, if but to scorn me when I have done. I need not tell you that I learned to love you deeply, devotedly, during my short stay at Marshal Place. I need not tell you that my love deepened into a feeling that was akin to idolatrous adoration, while from day to day you passed before me like a ministering angel. But my conduct during the latter part of my stay needs some explanation."

Ralph then proceeded to inform his companion of the statements made to him by blind Bertha with regard to the death of his father, her commission respecting himself, and other facts with which the reader is familiar.

"She proved the truth of her assertions beyond the possibility of doubt," he said; "and while I shrank from hearing the further development which she promised to make, there was an awful solemnity in her tone and manner when she said to me, 'She can never be your wife,' which I dared not disregard. And when, during her visit to my room, she told me of my mother's second marriage, and proved conclusively that Lilian Duncan was the offspring of that union, though my heart protested against the fact, I possessed no means of refutation. I could not believe that you were my sister; I could not meet you as such; I have never believed it; yet the blind woman's evidence was incontrovertible, clear as the light of noonday."

Then there were low murmured words, heard only by the lovers and the whispering night wind, as it stole in at the open window: enough; two hearts rose up and came forth from a fiery trial which, for long years, each had borne bravely, patiently, and well; stronger and purer because of the conflict that had tried their souls.

"Tell me about my sister," said Ralph, at length. "Is she—?"

"She is not what she seemed to be during the greater part of your acquaintance," said

Luna, as he hesitated. "She is as far removed from the character she represented, as it is possible to imagine. You may be assured of this, from the fact of her marriage with Gilbert Warner."

"Did she choose the *role* she acted for the purpose of testing the power of her wealth?" queried Ralph.

"You are still deceived," answered Luna. "Again I ask your pardon for the fraud which we have perpetrated." She hesitated as if at a loss how to proceed.

"Pray, explain yourself," he said, "you do not mean that you are"—and then he halted in his turn.

"Yes," continued Luna, bravely, "I am The Heiress. I hope you will not love me less, because I am burdened with the fortune which you scorned the thought of seeking. I will not try to justify the deception to which we resorted, my cousin and I," she went on; "but the little game we played was in consequence of a conversation to which we were accidental listeners on the day of your arrival at my aunt's residence. Do you remember," she continued, archly, "of taking part in a disputation on the trite question of the respective claims of worth and wealth, mounted on horseback, under the great elms in the grove near Marshal Place?"

"Perfectly," answered Ralph, laughing, "and I also remember distinctly, that I heard a sound that was strikingly like a woman's low, gurgling laugh, during the discussion, but as I could see no one, and Hartley did not appear to notice it, I concluded it might have been 'a titter of winds.' Poor Hartley! he must have got an inkling of the truth in some way."

"Oh, he got down to the root of the matter, by using Simeon for a tool!" answered Luna. "He prudently concluded to sound the depth of the ocean of wealth into which he meditated plunging, and so the whole truth accidentally came out."

The mirthful expression died away from her face. She was silent for a few moments, and then resumed in a serious tone: "We called it a bit of harmless fun, my cousin and I, but we little knew of the years and pain that hung on that slight misrepresentation; how narrowly two lives would escape being wrecked on that trifling deception?"

Luna Reade's visit at Dr. Holmes's, was forthwith abridged; and the young lady shortly returned to her aunt's, accompanied by Ralph.

There was a happy meeting of old friends and newly found relatives; the latter, including a diminutive specimen of humanity, who was duly introduced to Ralph as "his nephew, Master Ralph Warner." The young gentleman having come into possession of the Christian appellation subsequent to sundry developments that had been recently made.

Serenely happy in her children's joy, Mrs. Marshal could not forbear one gentle note of warning against such games, as that in which her nieces had once indulged in her absence.

Mrs. Warner received the sugar-coated reproof submissively, sitting on an ottoman at her aunt's feet, and playing meanwhile with the dainty, pink and white bundle in the good lady's lap. But the next moment she turned to her husband, saucily affirming that, "had she asserted her rights, and pursued her forensic aspirations, cultivating her 'acute angled' proclivities, she might have reached heights in the legal profession, as yet undreamed of; inasmuch as, in the outset, she had completely foiled two of the most astute lawyers in the highly important case of '*Which is the Heiress?*'"

COMMON SENSE AND PRETTY WOMEN.

IN "pink and white Tyranny," Mrs. Stowe tells some plain truths about a certain class of woman—those whose happiness depends on adulation. She says:

"There is a chilly, disagreeable article called common-sense, which is of all things most repulsive and anti-pathetical to all petted creatures whose life has consisted in flattery. It is the kind of talk which sisters are very apt to hear from brothers, and daughters from fathers and mothers, when fathers and mothers do their duty by them; which sets the world before them as it is, and not as it is painted by flatterers. Those women who prefer the society of gentlemen, and who have the faculty of bewitching their senses, never are in the way of hearing from this cold matter-of-fact region; for them it really does not exist. Every phrase that meets their ears is polished and softened, guarded and delicately turned, till there is not a particle of homely truth left in it. They pass their time in a world of illusions; they demand these illusions of all who approach them, as the sole condition of peace and favor."

FRETFULNESS A DISEASE.

UNDER the guise of "A Maiden's Soliloquy," Mrs. T. D. Gage gives a brief but excellent article in the *Herald of Health*, which we copy:

"I do wish mother would not fret so; what is the use of it? I know she loves father well, and worries herself daily doing things for his comfort and convenience that might be left undone, and he be all the happier, if she would only meet him with a cheerful look and restful hands.

"To be sure, it was good of her to make the biscuit he liked best for tea; but a dry crust would have suited him better than to be told that she 'was pretty nigh tired to death, but she would make 'em 'cause he liked 'em, and that was all the thanks she'd ever get.' No wonder he told her he 'wished she wouldn't.'

"Why need she, when he had been out in the barn-yard ever since the cocks crew, feeding the horses and cattle, and taking care of the sheep, clearing the ice from the watering-troughs, that the poor brutes might have comfort; why need she, because he don't answer the breakfast-bell instant, tell him that 'if she did not ring that bell till ten o'clock he'd wait a half an hour just to put her work behindhand, and now she wont catch up in all day,' and then add in an undertone, 'but that's what I've always had to put up with, and I s'pose I always shall till I go into my grave.'

"Oh, dear! what does make her call out to him, 'Now, father, do, for goodness sake, stop and clean them snowflakes off your old boots; d'ye think I want 'em melting all over the carpet? It seems as if you wanted to make me trouble. Men never will think of a thing for themselves.' Can't she see how the frost is whitening his beard; how he is bent with the cold, and his aged fingers are blue with the chill of November winds? Why will she freeze his dear, warm old heart with fretful words? It is not ten minutes since she was pitying him because he had such work to do in his old age, and bidding me get some warm water for his hands, and hang the towel by the stove to take the cold out of it, and suggested, 'If I cared for my father as I ought, I'd think of such things myself, and not expect her to think of everything!' And now, if he were to take her at her word and stop outside to clean

his boots, she'd be pulling him in by his coat-collar, and telling him that 'he'd get his death of rheumatiz, and she'd have him to take care on, just as she'd had to these thirty years, slaving night and day, just 'cause he hadn't sense enough to take care of himself; and she did believe he wouldn't care if she fell down dead in her tracks; and for mercy sake to shut that door, or the wind would take every mite of warm air out of the house, and the breakfast would be as cold as a stone, with his fussing.'

"And there's poor Jack, he says he wont stand it, no matter how hard he tries he can't please her; and she is always telling him 'she's slaving her fingers off for him, and little he cares about it, and he'd see her drop down before he'd ever think, of his own accord, to bring in the wood, or fill the teakettle, or touch the churn; and she has to talk till her tongue is tired, and that's a pretty way for a boy to treat his mother.' So it goes; and when father and Jack are both out in the field hard at work there is no end to the good things she says of them, and the way she tries to do things for them, fretting all the time just the same at me or Nora, or some one else. Oh, how weary I get of it, dear, good mother, so unselfish, so full of gushing kindness, in everything and every way but in words.

"But, why will she fret so? Why will she wound us all with sharp burrs in her left hand—burrs that worry and annoy, while with her right she is trying day and night to make us happy? A bare crust would be sweeter than her splendid dinners, if she seasons them with such sauce as she does almost every day, telling us how thoughtless we are, how ungrateful, how unappreciative. How came she to have this habit? Can it not be broken? I know she loves us all, and she is just as good to the poor as she can be, and yet she frets at every one of them. I do wonder if this fretting is not a disease—as positively so as hysteria, dyspepsia, or softening of the brain? I wonder if 'Turkish Baths,' 'Electricity,' or 'Movement-cure,' would not abate the symptoms?"

— — — — —
We gain nothing by falsehood but the disadvantage of not being believed when we speak the truth.

OLD AND NEW STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

BY JOHN B. DUFFEY.

FIRST PAPER.

UNDER the above heading, I find, in a German periodical, a series of interesting and amusing articles, which I have been tempted to put into a free and easy English dress.

The first portion of the series consists of what may be termed "old stories." These I have selected from, and added to, at my pleasure. The "new stories," which are drawn from the narrator's own experience, I shall give in a second paper, somewhat condensed and modified in form, but closely adhering to the facts as presented in the original.

"I would now be, I might say, alone in life," writes our story-teller, an old, half-invalided soldier, with neither wife nor child—"had I not still around me true, generous friends, steadfast comrades upon whom I can always rely—my dogs!

"From my very childhood," he continued, "I have loved dogs as the noblest, most deserving of affection, of all animals; and for this love I have ever found them grateful. The cat," he adds, with what seems a certain degree of prejudice, "is sly, cunning, deceitful, treacherous, rapacious, and blood-thirsty; the dog is honest, faithful, intelligent, self-sacrificing, obedient, grateful, and generous. He, who in his primitive wildness was the most sanguinary of beasts of prey, now gives himself, of his own free will, unreservedly to man. He defends, moreover, the life and property of the master who has trampled him under foot; and such magnanimity no other creature exhibits, not even the master-work of creation—intelligent, self-conscious, thinking man. If a dog shows himself otherwise, his master is to blame. Only good men can bring up good dogs.

"The first tears I remember shedding," continues our German friend, "were occasioned by a story my grandmother told me of a Swiss beggar's dog. His master, being no longer able to feed him, took him in a boat to the middle of the Lake of Geneva, intending there to drown him. Claspings his faithful friend to his breast for the last time, the beggar tied a stone to the poor creature's neck and threw him overboard. But the dog, of whom his master might have said, in the words of Chamisso's famous ballad:

"Whose love was still mine, whatever life's woes,
Who gave my blood warmth, when houseless I froze;
And who, when I grumbled in hunger's sore pain,
Went hungry with me, and not once did complain."

—the dog could not believe that his master really intended his death. He managed to shake off the stone, and swam with whines of entreaty to the side of the boat. The beggar thrust him off. "I have no bread for you." Again the poor creature clung to the boat. Then his master caught up an oar, and, with a gaping wound, the dog went under, and the lake was reddened with his blood. But soon the suffering creature again rose up, and fixed his imploring eyes upon his master. The beggar raised his arm to give a finishing blow. He was nervous, now, and unsteady; and, losing his balance, he fell overboard. Unable to swim, he gave himself up as lost. But, no! the dog whom he had so cruelly treated, and whom he had doomed to death, swam to him, and saved him."

Could a man have acted so magnanimously?

Such rare virtues, however, even the ancients held in honor. The most solemn oath of the wise Socrates was by his dog. The Greeks raised statues to their favorite dogs, and Alexander the Great even built an entire city, with magnificent temples, to do honor to his.

Both Plutarch and Ælian celebrate that dog, who, covered with wounds, watched three days, without food, by the body of his murdered master. Found there at length by King Pyrrhus, the latter, ordering the corpse to be interred, took the dog with him to a review, where, all of a sudden, the sagacious animal fled at two soldiers, who were thus discovered to be the murderers.

Along with the one hundred and ninety-two heroes who fell at Marathon contending against the Persian hosts, a brave dog also offered up his life. The memory of "the Dog of Marathon" still endures, with the names of the Grecian heroes Callimachus, Epizetus, and Cynægrius.

Even in Plutarch's time, there was to be seen at Salamis the monument under which rested the remains of the faithful dog of Xan-

tippus, the father of Pericles. Unable to gain admission to his master's ship, he swam along side of it the whole distance from Athens to Salamis, only to fall dead of exhaustion at the feet of Xantippus the moment he reached the end of his remarkable journey.

What a beautiful memorial is that which Homer erects to Argos, the dog of Ulysses! When the glorious endurer of woes, after his long wanderings, returned home to Ithaca under the guise of an old man in a beggar's cloak; when neither the "godlike swineherd," Eumæus, nor even his own son, the sage Telemachus, recognized him; then was it that his old blind dog, Argos, wagged his tail as a token of recognition and fidelity, and hung his ears down in sorrow, because he no longer had strength to crawl to his master's feet and to lick his hands. And then Ulysses, having secretly wiped away a tear of emotion, entered into his own halls. "But," goes on Homer to sing—

"But the doom of around-darkling death then seized upon Argos,
As, in his twentieth year, he again saw his master, Ulysses."

The dog Soter received from the grateful Corinthians, for his fidelity and watchfulness, a silver collar with the inscription—

"Corinth's defender and deliverer."

The dogs of the rich man compassionately licked the sores of poor Lazarus, thus putting to shame the haughty gourmand, who so hard-heartedly drove the wretched man from his table and from his doors.

The ancient Germans counted one dog as equal in value to two horses. In their battles with the Romans they found their dogs useful and important auxiliaries.

Of the dogs of modern times, the most famous are those of St. Bernard. Among these, one, by his sagacity, self-sacrificing spirit, and immense strength, acquired a well-merited renown throughout the civilized world. This was the celebrated dog Barry. He, alone, rescued from the ice and snow of the Swiss Alps no fewer than forty human lives! The home of Barry, as it is yet that of the noble breed of dogs to which he belonged, was the Augustinian monastery on the Great St. Bernard. More than seven thousand feet above the sea, it lies near one of the most dangerous passes of the Alps, between Switzerland and Savoy.

To this day, the memory of Barry is preserved at the monastery of St. Bernard, by pictures, on parchment, and in grateful hearts.

VOL. XXXIX.—15.

One of his many adventures may here be briefly narrated, though, perhaps, it is already well known to the reader.

It was in May 1817. A furious snow-storm, accompanied by far thundering avalanches, darkened the air. Suddenly, Barry, who had been lying on the floor of the great kitchen of the monastery, sprang up, and ran to the worthy brother who then performed the duties of head cook to this hospitable establishment. It was well-understood what the dog wanted. A small cask, containing bread and wine was fastened to his neck, and, attended by a colleague similarly provided, he rushed out into the tempest. A league from the monastery, he found a little boy, four years old, lying half dead in the snow. His mother had been struck down by and buried under an avalanche. Lying down by the boy, Barry licked his face and hands till he came to himself, and then, with coaxing whines, induced him to climb upon his back, and twine his arms about his neck. And in this manner the dog and child made their appearance at the monastery gate. The untiring dog then led the good monks to the buried mother. But they were too late. She was past recovery. A rich merchant of Berne adopted the orphaned child, and, seven years later, took the old worn-out dog into his house. But Barry could not exist without laboring for man, and soon died. A picture of him, with the rescued boy upon his back, yet hangs in the old monastery, and he himself, the little cask still upon his neck, stands stuffed in the museum at Berne.

No less celebrated, though his fame is of much older date, and rests upon an entirely different basis, is "the dog of Aubry."

Aubry de Montdidier, a brave officer under Charles the Fifth of France, and who lived in the fourteenth century, was the owner of a faithful dog, by whom he had once been saved from drowning. During a game at tennis, Montdidier got into a dispute with a companion in arms, named Macaire, and challenged him. That same night, while riding home to his country seat through the Forest of Bondy, Montdidier was murdered by a stab in the back, and his body dragged into a thicket and there buried.

His dog, who had gone in advance of him, as was the wont of the intelligent animal, to announce his master's return, finding hour after hour passed by with no sign of the expected one, could at last no longer restrain his impatience, and hastened on the way back. In the forest, he found the pool of blood where

Aubry had been struck down, and soon, also, the place where his body was buried. Scratching away the earth over the beloved remains, he filled the still forest with his howls of lamentation. For days, he watches, hungers, by the corpse. At length, wasted to a skeleton, he drags himself to the bosom friend of his master, the knight of Ardilière. He is fed and petted, but will not be comforted, till Ardilière accompanies him to the forest—to the dead body of this friend whom he has long been seeking for in vain.

Not long afterward the dog met Macaire in one of the streets of Paris. Impelled by a wonderful instinct—or was it intelligence?—he sprang furiously upon the man, and would have choked him to death then and there, had not the bystanders interfered. The implacable hatred which the dog evinced toward Macaire gave rise to the suspicion that the latter had assassinated Montdidier. Hearing of the fact, Charles the Wise ordered lists to be erected on the Island of Notre Dame, and Macaire was compelled to meet the dog in the ordeal by battle, then employed to decide cases of this nature. Nearly all Paris was present at this strange duel. Macaire was armed with a stout cudgel and a shield—the dog with his teeth. Disdaining to use the open cask placed in the arena as a place of refuge when hard beset, the dog flew at once upon the assassin, and at the second encounter fastened his teeth with a vice-like grasp in his antagonist's throat. Saved from immediate death, Macaire confessed to having murdered his old comrade, and was afterward executed.

Early in the present century, "the dog of Aubry" became the hero of a stirring melodrama. The trained poodle, who represented him in this drama, travelled as a "star" all through Europe, and attained a wonderful popularity. Even an Island did not disdain to appear with him on the boards of the Royal Theatre at Berlin.

Charles Augustus, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, a great admirer of dogs, and who never walked out without being accompanied by a number of magnificent Newfoundland and bull-dogs, entertained Goethe, then director of the Weimar Theatre, to permit "the dog of Aubry" to give an entertainment.

But Goethe, who had an exalted conception of the dignity of the stage, replied to his princely friend, that "to bring a dog upon the stage, would be to bring the stage to the dogs."

Nevertheless, the duke had the dog brought secretly to Weimar. Deeply hurt, Goethe, on

the day of the rehearsal of the objectionable drama, withdrew to his "nest" at Jena. Here he presently received from the friend of his youth, with whom his relations had been those of a beloved brother, the following cold, official note:

"From intimations which I have received, I have arrived at the conviction that the privy councillor, Von Goethe, wishes to be relieved from his duties as director, an arrangement to which I hereby give my assent."

And the old cordial relations between the two friends never again became what they had been.

The learned poodle, alluded to in this anecdote, was not the first dog to appear upon the stage. Plutarch says that he saw a dog in Rome, who took part in a farce played before the Emperor Vespasian. Among other things he feigned to take a certain drug, on a piece of bread. Then he began to tremble and stagger. Finally, falling down, he stiffened himself out as if dead, and thus "permitted himself to be drawn and dragged from place to place, as it was his part to do. Afterwards, when he knew it to be time, he began first to gently stir, as if newly awakened from a profound sleep, and, lifting up his head, looked about him after such a manner as astonished all the spectators."

A curious story is told of a Cuban bloodhound, who had been trained to hunt Indians and escaped negro slaves. In his acquired ferocity, he is said to have torn in pieces no less than three hundred such victims. Yet, on one occasion, at least, the brute put his master to shame. A certain Captain Jago de Senadza set him upon a poor old Indian woman whom he had sent off on the pretence of delivering a letter. The dog, coming up to her, was about to spring furiously upon her, when, frenzied with terror, throwing herself on her knees before him, the wretched woman besought him in touching tones to spare her, and to permit her to deliver her letter. Strangely enough, the savage creature, that had so often wallowed in Indian blood, became as gentle as a lamb, and wagging his tail and fawning upon her, accompanied the old woman on her errand.

Roldano, the faithful dog of the famous naval hero Andrew Doria, of Genoa, shared with his master all the perils of his numerous sea fights, and received, from Philip II., of Spain, an annual pension of five hundred gold crowns. Two slaves were appointed to wait on him, and to feed him with the choicest viands from dishes of silver.

Goethe tells us of the dog of Benvenuto Cellini, who, by his wonderful sagacity and courage, was the means of finding out and apprehending a thief who had broken into his master's work-room. Montaigne relates a similar story of a dog, that guarded a temple at Athens. Seeing a thief about to steal the finest of the jewels, he barked loudly at him, but could not wake the keepers. He then followed the thief, never losing sight of him day or night, till the temple-keepers, hearing of his strange conduct, went in search of him. They found him and the thief at the town of Cromyon, whence the robber was taken back to Athens, and there punished.

Nor must we forget to record the fidelity of a dog owned by the poet Dryden. Dryden was a great pedestrian, and would often walk from twenty to thirty miles to visit friends in the country. He was always accompanied by his large and beautiful grayhound, Dragon. On one occasion, while passing through a forest, the poet was stopped by five footpads, who stripped him of everything. They even attempted to tear from his neck a little medalion containing a picture of his dead mother. On this the poet grew furious, and shouted to the dog: "Catch the rascals, Dragon! Catch them!"

The faithful animal suddenly flew at the tramps, and Dryden took advantage of their alarm to escape. In a near ale-house he found four woodcutters, who immediately hurried with him back to the place where he had been robbed. On their way they met Dragon, bleeding from innumerable wounds. Three of the robbers were found lying dead on the ground; the other two were caught and hanged—for they hung thieves in those days. Dragon, poor fellow, survived his wounds only a few weeks.

If any one doubts the reality of a dog's attachment to his master after death, let him read the following anecdote, related by the first Napoleon in his lonely exile at St. Helena. After the dreadful contest at Castiglione, he was passing over the battle-field before the dead bodies had been interred. "In the deep silence of a moonlight night," said the emperor, "a dog, springing suddenly from under the cloak of his dead master, rushed upon us, and as quickly returned to his hiding-place, howling and whining piteously. Then, licking his master's face, he sprang out at us again with fresh fury. The poor creature seemed at once soliciting help and seeking revenge. Whether owing to my own particular frame

of mind at the moment, to the place, the hour, or to the action itself, I know not, but certainly no incident on any of my battle fields ever impressed me so profoundly. This man, thought I to myself, has friends, perhaps, in the camp, and yet lies here forsaken by every one except his dog! What a lesson nature teaches us by this poor creature! And how deep is the mystery of human feeling! I had, unmoved, ordered battles which were to decide the fate of the army; I had with unmoistened eyes set on foot operations which brought death to numbers of my countrymen—and here my feelings were stirred to their very depths by the howling and whining of a dog. Certainly, a suppliant enemy would have found me in this frame of mind not inexorable. It was now clear to me why Achilles gave up the dead body of Hector to the weeping Priam."

Hyrcanus, the dog of King Lysimachus when his master died, could not be induced to leave his bed. He remained there, neither eating nor drinking, till the day having arrived for burning the body, the dog followed the corpse, and, throwing himself into the fire, was burned.

"In 1660," says Sonnini, "all Paris might have seen a dog who remained for several years near the tomb of his master, in the Cemetery of the Innocents, and from which nothing could move him. Many times they took him away to distant parts of the city, and shut him up. But, as soon as he was let loose, he would return to the post of its enduring love, no matter how inclement the season. Touched by his constancy, the people of the neighborhood used to carry him food; but the poor creature seemed to eat only enough to prolong his sufferings, and to afford an example of heroic fidelity."

Portraits of the dog Mentor, "the Mansaver," may yet be seen in many houses at Munich. His fame dates back twenty years. A farmer, driving his ox-team across the ford of the Isar, near Munich, was overwhelmed, without a moment's warning, by a flood of water bursting from the opened sluiceways of the Prater meadow. Man, oxen, and wagon were swept whirling along by the furious current. The eye-witnesses on the shore stood horror-stricken and powerless. Suddenly a gentleman, accompanied by a huge Danish bull-dog, bursts through the crowd. "Mentor," he shouts, "go fetch that man yonder!" Giving his master a quiet look of intelligence, the dog springs into the stream. Buffeting the surging flood, he manages to seize an arm of

the drowning man, and, with the help of his master, the Russian actor, Quien, finally brings him apparently lifeless to the shore. After two hours of unremitting exertion, during which the dog stood anxiously by, the man was brought back to life. There was much rejoicing; but no one exhibited more intense satisfaction than the dog, who seemed almost wild with delight. By order of King Max, Mentor's portrait was painted in oil by one of the first artists in Munich. A silver collar was presented to him, with the inscription, "To the brave man-saver, Mentor, in remembrance of the 28th of February, 1852."

In Menault's "Intelligence of Animals," is a pleasing story of a Parisian dog. Two children to get rid of a poor blind dog, who had grown too old to amuse them any longer, threw the wretched animal into the Seine, and there pelted him with stones. His howlings and cries of despair were piteous. "I was about to close my window," writes the gentleman who tells the story, "so as to shut out this painful sight, when suddenly I heard loud shouts and a great clapping of hands from the crowd which had gathered. I looked, and saw, with some surprise, my dog Vaillant, who attracted by the mournful howls of one of his own kind, had jumped into the river and was swimming toward him. He went through the water with incredible rapidity. He was hastening, with encouraging cries, to the rescue.

"The poor blind dog, now that help seemed near, renewed his efforts for life. A few more struggles, and he was within Vaillant's reach. The latter, well knowing the danger of the task he had undertaken, raised his hind-quarters in such a manner that the poor drowning creature could cling to him with his forefeet, without interfering greatly with his own movements. Swimming toward the shore, in a few minutes he was proudly shaking his fine coat, while his companion lay exhausted at his side. My dog's devotion, however did not rest here. The children, still intent on their sport, tried to drive him away, but they were so frightened by his flashing eyes and his formidable display of teeth, that they soon renounced their purpose. Vaillant's conduct did not much surprise me, because I knew him to be affectionate, as well as very intelligent; but the spectators loaded him with so many caresses, that I feared he would use the same means to get rid of their importunities that he had taken to drive away the two boys. I therefore put an end to the general enthusiasm, and preserved the calves of the most

ardent of his admirers from the marks of his teeth, by calling him to me. For the first time, I may say, the docile animal refused to obey my call. He was unwilling to leave his protégé to the mercy of his young tormentors. At my request, one of the by-standers took the blind dog on his shoulder, he being still too weak to drag himself along, and carried him to my dog's bed. It was only by so doing that Vaillant could be induced to steal away from the ovation of the crowd, in order to pay to his guest the honors of the kennel."

"Thy name," resumes our German narrator, "thy name is long since forgotten, devoted dog, who, even when I was a child, didst move me to tears by thy 'faithfulness unto death.' But thy touching story still endures. A traveller is riding through a forest. Suddenly his dog leaps up toward him, barking loudly. His master endeavors to quiet him; at first with commands, and then with his whip. But, when the dog, every moment seeming to grow more and more frantic, finally catches at the horse's bridle, the traveller fears that the creature has become mad, and shoots him down. Leaving the poor dog whining piteously, the master rides on. Presently he is horrified at discovering that he has lost his portmanteau, in which are all his possessions. Hurriedly he rides back. He comes to a pool of blood. Here was it that he had shot his dog. The poor creature is no where to be seen. A line of blood, however, shows where he has crawled back on the road they had come. A melancholy foreboding weighs on the traveller's heart. Could it indeed be so? Ay, truly! For yonder, stretched across the missing portmanteau, to which he had endeavored in vain to call back his master, lies the faithful dog, still guarding the lost treasure. And there the fond creature dies, licking to the last the hand that had repaid his fidelity with the fatal bullet."

Nurtured by stories like these, and by daily intercourse with the faithful and intelligent animals, my love for dogs has grown with my growth. But it is no ridiculous affection, like that of Count Clearmont, who, on the death of his pet dog Citron, not only received visits of condolence in a full suit of mourning, but even ordered his curate to compose a pompous and glorifying epitaph for the dead favorite. The parson performed the task assigned him to the best of his ability, and here is what he inscribed on the tomb-stone:

"Here lies Citron, who, without jest, More wit than his master possessed."

OTHER PEOPLE'S WINDOWS.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

No. XII.

NO matter how humble one's home is, if the presiding goddess will have it so, everything can be made to bear the appearance of order and neatness.

It is wonderful the expression that a few old newspapers even will give to an unsightly shelf, or sink, or anything else that is not suggestive of neatness or good taste.

It is not much trouble after you have washed dishes on the old dingy corner table, and spread the dish-cloth out of sight somewhere to air and dry, to lay a clean, crisp newspaper, full size, over the venerable piece of useful furniture—why it is as cheery then as a smile, that old brown or gray table is.

If the flour-barrel stands in the pantry have a square cover on it and keep a clean newspaper or a fresh white towel laid over it. Such impromptu covers are very easily laid in the same folds, when occasion demands them to be taken off awhile.

Pantry shelves need new papers every week. These are little items, but they should not be overlooked. A great deal of satisfaction and good feeling comes with these little things, that may never be spoken in words—an enjoyment that is "felt without the need of utterance."

You can see its effects in the flow of animal spirits—that makes the children so full of fun at night when they must have their romp and games—in the dreamy rocking of grandpa's chair—in the husband's cuddling down with a there's-no-place-like-home expression on the freshly-washed face that lights up into a glow over his daily paper—and it speaks right out in Tabby's stretching into a very frolicsome and angular and uncatty position on the rug in the corner.

Let us make our homes just as cheerful as possible in the evenings—so pleasant that our growing boys won't want to spend their time "at the corners," or the grocery, or the low, little shoe-shops, where inveterate men gossips are sure to congregate.

Nothing is lost or wasted that adds to the beauty and cheerfulness of our homes. These early homes will live in the memory of our children, and come to them in dreams all their lives, while modern structures will have no abiding place in their night visions.

It is no uncommon thing to hear an old man, leaning on his staff, say: "I dreamed last night of the old spring in the hillside, under the beeches, where my childhood was spent, and I dreamed that I waded in the rill with Ben and Kitty among the peppermint, and heard the tinkle of the water flowing over the stones."

What a beautiful picture, framed away and out of the reach of effacement, in the old patriarch's memory. But alas! only a dream and a picture, for the beeches and alders and willows, perchance, had been cut away a half century ago, and the hot summer sunshine had drank up the picturesque hillside fountain, and only geese waddled and clacked and swayed about in the mudhole that marked the spot.

Oh, I felt so sorry last summer when the little dilapidated go-cart of our old Yankee drove up—the old man who carries a kit of tinker's tools and looks after the welfare of our coffee-pot and wash-boiler. I knew he'd set apart the month of June in which to visit New Hampshire, his boyhood's home, after an absence of thirty-five years. I wanted to hear his story, so I ran out into the road to meet him and give him a good cordial shaking, for I knew his heart had been stirred from its very depths in his late visit.

I wish I could tell it as he did, in his own broken, natural, touching way.

The railroad had run through the homestead farm, razing hills, filling up ravines, straightening the curves of brooks into lines, throwing little spans of bridges across creeks, making culverts, and coaxing the soft-voiced meandering trout-brooks to go under them and submit to rules of good behavior.

"What of the old home spring?" I asked.

"May the Lord forgive me," said he, "but I couldn't help getting mad enough to clinch my fists, when I hunted it up. They had spared a remnant of the old gnarly beech on the bank above it, but they had hacked its top away and cut its wide-spreading lower branches, every limb of which had been so beloved and so familiar. The railroad ran a-near and the snorting steed with his burnished trappings, drank deep draughts from the old homestead

spring daily. His ponderous tread made the sacred ground to tremble."

I felt sorry that the poor man had made the beautiful month of June a charnel house—filled it with memories that would torture and annoy him the rest of his life.

If there is anything in this world I want to find fault with, it is this; that no woman can go away from home on a visit, or a little journey, or to a wedding, or to a funeral, without so much fixing. I don't want the husbands now to bristle up like so many bayonets, and range themselves beside me in warrior-style, and say: "That's you, Pipesey!" "I'm with ye, Miss Potts!" "I'll hold yer calash while ye talk!" "At 'em tooth an' nail!" Just go 'way every man of you—you're too ready to find fault—don't I know that you wont even put on your clean shirts these cold mornings without flinching, and making faces, and having your wives coax, and scold, and shame you like all possessed! You have your faults; so there now!

One of my neighbors was going down to Goose Creek to attend an ordination. The first intimation I had of it was seeing one of her boys ride past here as fast as he could make his horse gallop. I was just spreading a strengthening plaster to put on one of my jaws—my lower jaw gets so weak and paralyzed sometimes, that I can hardly make it go when I want to talk faster than usual; it will kind of lock, and pull hard like a wheel in deep stiff mud—well, I was bent over spreading the plaster, and I heard the clatter of hoofs, and who should dash past as though old Mr. Scratch was after him, but Fernando Stout. I dropt the plaster and tied a comforter round my jowels, and went out in the street and stood there till he returned.

He wasn't going to stop, but I hailed out: "You, Juan Fernando, stop and let a body know who's dead or dyin' at your house!"

"Mam's goin' down to Goose Crick," he piped out, and he laid on the timber over the poor creature's head an' ears, and went out o' sight like a stream of lightning.

In the evening Kitty Stout went to the village store, tripping along, her skirts whipping about like flags in the wind. I was out in the yard scraping some dogwood and wild-cherry bark to make tonic bitters, and I halloed to her and asked her to come in and see us. She answered quite out o' breath: "I would if I'd time, Miss Pipesey, but mam's going down to

Goose Crick next Friday, and we're all so busy getting her ready."

Thursday afternoon Theodore Stout came down to get me to go up and help his mother "fix and go to Goose Crick."

I wasn't a bit well—my joints ached and the neuralgia was running viciously here and there all through my nerves; but Mrs. Stout was a good neighbor, and I wouldn't refuse her. She said she was about through "fixing," she only had a new night gown to make, and some collars and handkerchiefs to do up, and a white woollen stocking to toe off, and the sleeves to trim and sew in her new allpack dress.

Oh, everything looked so desolate and motherless! The fire was low and pieces of work lay about on the chairs, and beds, and lounge—a line was stretched back of the kitchen stove, and a white ruffled skirt and a pair of cambric undersleeves were drying on it.

The children were cross, and had colds, and were getting into mischief, and were eating pieces all the time.

The mother and the grown girls had not combed their heads or cared for their hair at all. Bits of straw were twisted up in Mrs. Stout's untidy, slovenly coil—her hands were grimy and gray-looking, and her shoes had not been laced up that day. The wheezy little fat baby in a stiff, dirty apron, showed signs of croup and apple-butter, and kept fretting and reaching up its cold red hands for its mother to take it. The stoves were half full of ashes, and gave out but little warmth—the dishes had been put away without washing, and baking-day had been deferred, and the poor family had been doomed to greasy dark biscuit for almost a week.

The eldest daughter had been crying, and sat with her back to me more than an hour after I went there.

As I sat there chilled through and through, the door swinging open every minute, and the deafening clatter of noisy little feet, and hands, and voices, falling upon my ears, I thought, "Oh, could the best visit in the world compensate one for all this disorder; for all this sorrow of unkind words, and bruised hearts, and neglected home, and family!"

It seemed to me if all Goose Creek were full to its banks of golden nuggets, it could not reward me or pay for the bitter memories that my heart would hold.

Well, Mrs. Stout went to the ordination and got rained on coming home, and the cheap cottony alpaca shrank, and wrinkled, and

puckered up, and always looked after that wetting, as though it had been slept in and abused. The freshness and lustre were gone, and the bias folds about the skirt, on which so much labor and time had been expended, twisted themselves into other folds that were not desirable, and so the dress was a failure.

The black color washed through into the ruffled skirt and quite spoiled it. The colors in the cheap gay shawl ran together, and it was shorn of its beauty. Bonnet, and ribbons, and flowers, ditto.

I shall never forget a fragment of advice given me by an aunt when I was a little girl. She was a poor woman, the mother of twelve happy, hearty, noisy children; with her own hands she made, on the wheel and loom, the clothing worn by her large family except the Sunday clothes, and now I remember, the silk dresses worn by her eldest daughters were purchased with long webs of flannel and linen.

I said to her: "I can't see, Aunt Patty, how it is you always look so neat, and trim, and pretty, when you go abroad." She was a pretty little robin of a woman, always carolling a song, no matter if her sky was clouded. She looked pleased, and said, as she held back a laugh. "I really must thank you for the compliment, and I am glad to tell you how it is, and as you are young I hope you'll profit by it. I never buy a dress that won't stand all kinds of weather. I'm like the wife of the Vicar of Wakefield when she chose her wedding dress. I choose something that will wear and not fade, and because I cannot afford anything better or finer, buy calico or gingham, and so manage to always keep one good dress on hand all the time with a frill, or collar, or bit of lace already fastened about the neck of it. We knew not what emergency a day may bring forth; I may have to almost fly some place to a death-bed, without a half hour's warning, and I have always found it a wise plan to have at least one good serviceable dress all ready to put right on; and so with my hose, and underclothing, and gloves, and all."

Aunt Patty was a pattern of a woman, and I owe her many thanks for the practical suggestions which she gave me the first half of my life.

With all love and good will to the sisterhood, I tender them the same hints she gave me so many years ago, hoping that the one source of annoyance that never touched her, or made a wrinkle in her smooth, seventy-years-

old face, may never come to them, the worry of—"what shall I wear?"

There will be time enough to talk about what we will get, and how we will make it, next month. Heigho! it would be quite as nice as mother Eve lived, in her morning-life, if we could escape from this torment of dress, and be free to run and walk, and ride and laugh, and read and write, and romp, and be one among the children to tickle them, and play with them, and tell stories, and have leisure and rest, and be—ourselves.

Until then, let us be thinking about this tyrant dress, and be planning ways and means of escape. Let us catch hands and feel the cordial grasp of each other's warm fingers.

We have learned by years of experience that the best way of making calico dresses, for every day, is to have them open all the way down in front. They are so easily ironed. Make a facing as wide as across the hand, down on both sides, with buttons and button-holes, about five inches apart. Sew a narrow ruffling on the side that buttons over. Don't let the ruffle be cut much on the bias, and let it extend from the band at the throat clear down to the bottom of the skirt; it is easily made by sewing it over a small cord and drawing it into gathers. It will look best if slightly gathered. Let the waist be made Garibaldi style for comfort, not too long in the waist, or too wide across the back. Where the centre of the back joins on to the belt, it should be cut a trifle longer, else it will hitch up in a very slovenly way, and the wearer will always feel miserable when she has it on. And any woman will not feel very gracious and condescending if she is sure that she is looking like a dowdy. She will quite surely be ungracious and awkward. Glad there is such a penalty annexed.

In making up a calico, muslin, or gingham dress, always hold up to the light every breadth, and if there are any faulty places, or thin streaks, put them where there will be the least wear.

Never put away a dress until it is finished, pocket, buttons, galloon, hooks, loop, and a band, or frill, or something about the neck and wrists.

If you are a girl just forming habits for life, let one habit be to always carry your thimble in your pocket. It will save you much annoyance, and much time and temper.

When you finish a dress roll up every little bit that is left, and put it in a bag kept on purpose for such things and nothing else. And,

let that bag, set apart for no other use, always hang in one place so you will know where to find it.

Let me add that when you are washing dishes, or making biscuit, or pies, be sure you wear a long wide apron preservative, an apron that is always hung back of the pantry-door.

My best big aprons are made out of Jonathan's old-style linen coats. The lady from Philadelphia would have told the little Peterkins to cut off the skirts, and thus have made the coats into the prevailing style, but I was so pleased with the idea of two long wide aprons that I suggested no counsel, and was as mute as a mouse.

If by accident you get a drop of grease on your dress, wash it out immediately with ammonia and warm water, nice and clean, and iron it. Don't let the spot go until the next wash day. Besides, unless you are a born sloven, a grease spot on your dress hurts all the time and hinders you from feeling dignified and ladylike. When I say iron out the freshly-washed place, I am presuming that you keep the smallest flatiron on the back part of the kitchen stove.

On washing-days don't get into the bad habit of putting on a dirt-colored dress, or an old-fashioned sacque, and no collar, and letting your hair go uncombed and fuzzy, and your feet slipshod, don't do it.

The neatest family of girls in our neighborhood are the A's. I have often said to Ida and Lily that I wished I could spy round a little among their wardrobes, and in their bureau drawers, and see some of their ways of doing things. I hardly ever hoped to get a peep through their windows, but as luck would have it I was favored the other day. They were fitting some dresses for the girls and brought up a couple of basques to see if they liked the different styles.

Both basques were turned wrong side out, even to the sleeves, and then folded in the seams, the bodies down the back seam, and sides, and shoulders laid down evenly and flat, without a wrinkle, the sleeves turned and laid down smooth with the elbow seam.

They could not possibly break or wrinkle, folded thus, and they need never lose their lustre or grow old.

I am reminded of one thing which I shall be glad to tell the sisterhood. If I straighten out my arm my neatly-fitting sleeve will positively draw up at least six inches; so with a

good many pairs of sleeves in Deacon Potts's family, but it will never be so any more. Ida will cut the sleeves hereafter, which she does with one seam and that down the elbow, and instead of an inside curve, she lets the cloth remain whole—doubles it where the sleeve is cut out. It is very comfortable, and neat, and economical.

A PRAYER.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

FATHER in Heaven!—the whispering hours
Smile in the sunlight on shoreland and sea;
Bird-songs are thrilling the fair, forest flowers;
Nature is great in her glory of Thee!
Billows and breezes glad anthems are blending;
Myriad voices Thy praises repeat;
So, let our souls' grateful incense ascending,
Mix with the music of saints at thy feet.

Father in Heaven!—when storms are about us,
When the sweet sunlight is shut from our sight,
When foes from within, and foes from without us,
Fold us in fetters of blackness and blight;
Listening kindly to all our complaining,—
Lighting the dark of the dangerous way,—
Be Thou the rock of our spirits' sustaining,
Be Thou our shelter by night and by day.

Father in Heaven!—when lightly upon us,
Lie all the coronal kisses of death,
When, like a vision, fair faces fade from us,
And all of earth fails with our fluttering breath,
Shine Thou, serene, from the Paradise-portal,
Over the black of the billows we cross,
And bear us to bowers of beauty immortal,
Stained with no shadow of love or of loss.

A PETITION TO TIME.

TOUCH us gently, Time!
Let us glide down thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three,
(One is lost—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

Barry Cornwall.

SIX IN ALL.

• A SEQUEL TO "A DOLLAR A DAY."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER III.

THREE years had passed since that memorable night when the grand fortune dropped suddenly into the household of the "lean-to," and turned all the young heads a little, which fact was not in the least surprising.

They had had a good deal to steady them since that time; no great tragedies of grief, it is true, had swept into the small family circle; on the contrary the objective life of the young people offered few salient points during these years.

The household had kept on the even tenor of its way, making rapid advances toward adolescence, and still keeping up a sharp struggle for standing room in the world.

It is true, that old terrible gripe of poverty on soul and body was wonderfully lightened—thanks to the dollar a day, which came regularly in blessed little monthly instalments, and bore them over all the heavy tides of rent-day, and fuel, and food; while Prudy and Cherry, by an interchange of the mornings at the armory, managed to reinforce the financial main stream with a little private tributary of their own.

The work here was light and pleasant; the daily out-door walk precisely the thing for their young muscles, and it may be reasonably doubted whether there were not many stately roofs in Thornley, beneath which, on the whole, hearts less peaceful and happy lay down to their nightly sleep than those under the low "lean-to," over which that white saint of a moon kept her silver watches all these years.

As for Darley, the out-door work has just suited him, brain and body. Just see how it has broadened and developed the rather scrubby, undersized newsboy of three years ago.

The transformation, it is true, may be partly owing to improved clothes, for Darley has, long ago, shed his old brown coat and his skull-cap, and his wardrobe now includes at least, one highly presentable suit.

Yet the real change is mostly inside of these, soul and body the boy has been growing all this time, and his character shaping itself

more and more toward the manhood which is approaching.

Had Darley been a rich man's son, all the cosseting and luxuries which must have fallen to his share would not probably in the end have done him half so good service as that daily digging, pruning, and trundling wheelbarrows of dirt under Forsyth's head gardener did.

He enjoyed it, too, heartily, though it had its disagreeable side as all human work must, but Darley told his sisters with a glint of that humor which had begun to corruscate around all his talk, and thought that at worst, he always had one consolation to fall back on—he was following the profession of his race's progenitor. He had serious doubts after all, whether any of the descendants of the old "gardener Adam" were, on the whole, much in advance of their ancestor, or whether they would not all be better off to day if they had stuck to his calling.

So, whether glum or humorous, Darley worked with a will. He grew to know and love the different soils, the kind, patient old mother-earth, who unlocked her secrets and brought out of her bosom her rare and wonderful treasures of leaves and blossoms.

How the quondam newsboy grew to know and love these growths as though they were human beings, to learn their times, and habits, and characters; and to watch them with a tender, brooding patience, much as a mother does her children.

After all, if the gods had assembled in solemn conclave to pour their best treasures into the life of Darley Hanes, I am not sure they could have discovered any better gift for him than that old garden of Forsyth's, with its work for his muscles and its deep, daily lessons for his soul.

Then such broad edges of time as he pared off from his work for study and reading. Darley was by temperament a kind of passionate enthusiast, in whatever he undertook, and he had grown into a habit of hiving up these golden moments of his youth.

He must have found books their own great reward, for as Cherry averred "his big head

was in them, most of the time, and his legs anywhere but in the right place, curled under him on the bed like a Turk's, or dangling out of the small chamber window, as the case might be."

It was strong, marrowy nourishment this boy of seventeen drew out of those volumes, too, for the book-case at home was supplemented by the town library, to which Darley now had access.

He had made a plunge, of late, into Latin, having secured an hour's teaching twice a week from one of the public school teachers.

Then, the old habit of evening readings was kept up. That ancient room still widened to the mighty liaisons of Shakespeare and Scott's pictures of the Middle Ages, whether in rhyme or fiction, still entranced the young reader's imaginations.

Then there were Dickens and Thackeray, and a half dozen other authors, favorites at the "lean-to," the young people taking pains always to secure the rarest and best.

That had been the mother's injunction, and it was wonderful how the dead woman's influence still pervaded and moulded the household.

Had she been alive her power could hardly have been more vital. Prudy, as the eldest, had the most vivid conception of the mother, and endeavored with scrupulous exactness to order the whole family life after the latter's example.

The girl constantly in her own thoughts referred matters to that tribunal, trying to conceive how any matter in hand would strike mamma, and her imagined approval or the contrary disposing of any mooted point beyond appeal.

Even Darley, who was sufficiently tenacious of his dignity and had the positive convictions of seventeen, usually yielded when Prudy reinforced herself with a quotation from those silent lips. His mother was the saint of his boyhood, and through her the oracles spoke to his youth.

It was a spring night, just where May turns her head and listens expectant for the summer. The days were getting among their longest and big stars were beginning slowly to enter the sky, and, like conquerors, take serene possession of their azure sovereignties. There was no moon to-night, but a luminous brown twilight filled with a hum of insects and delicious scents of roses.

Darley had made a small paradisé of that little square of ground, filling it with slips and

roots, which he had brought from the great house; and choice flowers made a bit of the Tropics shine in that south corner from May to October.

Darley comes in now. He has been out watering the plants. "Girls," he says, speaking up suddenly, "something has happened to-day."

They had suspected as much, he was so glum at supper. Darley had his idiosyncrasies and they had to be taken into account in all dealings with him. He would not speak until the spirit moved him.

"Nothing really bad, I hope?" asked Cherry, who has not lost the bird-like chirrup of her voice, although she has grown a head taller, and many a one has been turned by being half as pretty.

"Ah, no! nothing really bad ever does happen to us now-a-days, you know," answers Darley, with a happy positiveness, and then he proceeded to enlighten his sisters.

The thing in a nutshell was this, Darley Hanes had actually had an offer to go into business.

It was an odd thing enough, but then what human life is there in which odd things are not all the time happening?

One of the partners of the house which supplied Forayth's men with the machinery and tools necessary for various kinds of labor on the grounds, had become tolerably well acquainted with the boy in the latter's frequent visits to the warehouse, for Darley was a kind of factotum among the hands.

The man liked the boy; thought there was in him a real business capacity, managed to find out, by a little shrewd questioning the sum of Darley's wages, and that day offered the amazed boy a situation as under clerk in the warehouse, advancing, by a full quarter, the amount of his weekly earnings.

The business man had also set before Darley in strong colors the rare chance which this opportunity afforded. It was the lowest rung of the ladder to the right sort of boy he averred; and as Darley became acquainted with the business, his position and wages would inevitably be advanced, and here was evidently a stepping-stone to a large fortune.

The man complimented Darley, told him there was not another boy in Thornley to whom he would have offered such a situation with so high wages to commence on; in all of which the speaker was honest enough, for he really believed he was putting a smart boy in the way of making a fortune; that being the high-

est conceivable human good in the business man's eyes.

Darley was at first quite dazed by the offer. He learned, with a few questions, what would be demanded of him in the new situation. The duties would engross his whole time. There must be no more digging among Latin roots; no more hiving of precious hours of study which were sweet as the honey of Hybla to his soul.

But there was the advance of his wages and the grand fortune in prospect, which shone up his future as riches, and ease, and splendor always shine to the gaze of youth.

Trundling the wheelbarrow and tying the saplings, Darley had been thinking of these things all day, and now he had brought them home at night to talk over with his sisters.

"Girls," he said, getting up and standing before the two; showing how much he had gained in breadth and height during these years. "I believe what Grainger said was true, every word of it. It is the lowest rung of a ladder which leads up to a fortune."

The two girls looked at each other and held their breaths, then Cherry put in: "To be real rich do you mean—thousands and thousands of dollars?"

"Yes, precisely that sort of riches. We thought we'd got Aladdin's lamp long ago, you know, when that dollar a day fell into our laps. It seemed so for awhile, but it's still scraping and pinching for each one of us. We've grown since then, and want a great many things."

"We were so young then," said Prudy, looking a little patronizingly across the three years which seemed such a long way to her youth.

"Money is a splendid thing, girls," said Darley, walking up and down the room with a gait which, like its possessor, was in a kind of transition state; "nobody knows that better than me. Nobody wants it more than I; only sometimes, you know, one has to pay too heavy a price for it."

"Yes, when it comes to honor or honesty," answered Prudy with emphasis.

"But there are other things; a man might give his best self, his thoughts, his imagination, his work; and come out a rich old nabob at the last, and yet be miserably poor for all that. You know how we all admired those words of Emerson's the other night. 'He only is rich who possesses the day.'"

The girls nodded their heads, this time Darley had the floor.

"Now," he said, his strides growing more

and more rapid as he warmed with his subject, "I want to make the best I can out of life, and if it lies in the way of money, I'm ready to go into Grainger's warehouse and burrow for the next forty years like a coal miner. Most folks think wealth is the chiefest good. I'm not sure but they are right. It has been at work in my mind all day."

Darley only dimly discerned that this was one of the great destiny days of his life, and that if he lived to stand on the plateau of four score, he would look away back to this night with a solemn breathless feeling, seeing what that meant to him. And still the boy striding back and forth had the floor, and the young faces in the brown twilight looked very grave.

"But there have always been a few souls in the world who have felt that money, and lands, and whatever was outside the man was not the real thing, after all, and these souls were the finest and loftiest that have ever lived."

And right there, soft and sweet, as though an angel spoke, came up the voice of Prudy into the gathering dark.

"For a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth! We know who said that."

"Yes," said Darley, "I see what he must have meant. I'm afraid, girls, I shall have to pay too high a toll on the road to this fortune which lies for me to-night by the way of Grainger's warehouse."

"And yet it's hard on a fellow who has such a poor outlook as I have—no friends, nor helps of any kind, except the pottering in Forsyth's garden; and the dollar a day that looked so large to us all once, seems to grow thinner and thinner when we try to spread it over such big, growing things as we are."

Prudy and Cherry gave little acquiescent moans here.

"Then there's Grainger says I've got it in me to make a business man, and I believe I have, girls, if I'd buckle down to it. I never tried to do anything and failed."

Darley squared his shoulders and looked rather grand in the gloom as he made this remark.

The girls gazed at their brother, and remembered his old fights through the storms around Thornley Common, and Merchant's Block; and thought how much of it all had been for their sakes. He was a bear to them very often, and they in their turn got into tempers, and snubbed and quarrelled with him; but, for all that, Darley was his sisters' idol.

"It isn't in you to fail, Darley," said Prudy, with a thrill of gratitude and affection.

"I shall have to let all the study, and the reading, and the things go forever, if I take up with this offer of Grainger's," continued Darley; that ambiguous "things" designating an amount of foolscap filled with writing which Darley kept locked in the upper drawer of a small, old-fashioned bureau in his room, as jealously as a girl guards her first love letter.

And having gone so far Darley at last made a clean breast of it, which he never could have done had the big kerosene lamp been lighted, and his very ears burned as he stammered and blundered it out.

He was not vain enough to think he was a genius; he affirmed there were times when he wondered if he should ever be able to get a line actually in print. Yet he was certain that all his tastes, longings, aspirations inclined him to a literary life of some sort. He had rather, for himself, take to the author's traditional crust and attic, than to be a rich man some day, and feel that all his soul had gone into making him just that.

Darley spoke well to-night, with a passion of feeling which made the girls hold their breaths. Yet he did not forget, he said, what the fortunes of authors usually were—"a sickening history," as Longfellow called it in that quaint moonlit Hyperion. There was Olney starved to death; and there was Chatterton killed himself; and there were Johnson and Goldsmith, and all their contemporaries—the world's real kings—a cold, hungry, houseless crew. Times were changed, of course, since then, but at the best an author's life was a hard one. It had its own rewards, though; and if Darley were sure of those— He broke right off there.

Two voices came through the dark softly, and they said: "Go on, Darley."

"If a fellow could be sure of himself, you know. If all my tastes and ambitions should turn out only a boy's moonshine and maundering, and mean nothing, after all. 'The measure of a man's power is always what he can do,'" unconsciously quoting some author he had read the day before.

At all events, the young girls had unbounded faith in their brother's gifts, and set aside any scruples which he might entertain on that point with the generous disdain of youth.

"But you have something to say in this matter," continued the brother, coming to a full halt in his walk. "Think what it would be to you, Prudy and Cherry, if I should go into Grainger's warehouse and make a fortune. In

two or three years you would likely be out of all this rub and scrub of poverty, and go dressed in all sorts of bravery, and come out of your shells fine ladies. You've nobody in the world to make a fight for you but what stands in these old patched boots, and I say it's a brother's duty to look out for his sisters when they're left where you are. I'll go into the warehouse, girls, if you say so; and I tell you frankly, it's for your interest to have me make a start there."

They knew, those two young girls, what they were putting away; they had looked poverty in the face, fought him inch by inch through those long, young years which always close about us like horizons of eternity, yet they scarcely hesitated now.

No doubt age would have leavened their replies with more caution; at least there was the abandon of generous youth and romance in what they said to night, but they told Darley that he should not sacrifice himself for their sakes, nor go into Grainger's warehouse for all the fortune that was in it.

"Then it comes down for us all to the daily digging and delving, physical and metaphorical, and the dollar a day for—God only knows how long!" said Darley, when it was all settled, and the light tone had grown grave before he got to the end of his sentence.

"And you will be a grand genius some day, and people will come to the windows to stare when you go by. It is a great thing to be famous, Darley!" said Cherry, and her eyes shone in the dark.

Then Prudy spoke; her voice had no chirrup in it like Cherry's, but it slipped so steadily and softly along the words that you were always sorry when it ceased.

"And then when Darley dies somebody will write his biography, and, of course, we shall come in for a corner somewhere, like Charles Lamb and his sister, you know."

"Girls, don't make a fool of me. How do you know but I shall turn out a big Jack, after all?"

The girls treated all that self-depreciation of Darley's like moonshine. There was something unutterably touching in their absolute faith in him, and past any vanity and self-conceit, and Darley had his side of both; it spoke to what was best in him that night.

The tongues went glibly enough after that. Darley revealed some purposes of his which had taken shape in his mind. He intended to fit himself for college—of course he could never get inside the walls—smothering a groan from

the depths of his soul at that thought; but he could, at least, teach a district school one of these days.

He could manage that, Darley said, and his work in the grounds, too, by being at the latter early and late; and then, because he wanted to relieve the tension of his feelings, he drew a picture of himself as a pedagogue, with ruler and spectacles, which made the girls laugh until the tears were in their eyes.

But he broke off all that, suddenly saying: "Oh, what a big fool Grainger will think I am to-morrow!"

That night, when he went to bed, Darley took up his pen with its slender pearl handle, which Prudy had given him for a Christmas present. He looked at it with a kind of proud tenderness, much as, I think, some young knight long ago must have looked at his sword the day after he had won his spurs.

"You don't look like much of a weapon to fight the world with, but it owes to things like you all that is best in it to-day; and Shakspeare and Milton, and all the great dead men, with the aureoles round their names, did their work with the same sort of weapons; so I'd good company, at least, when I chose you—my pen," raising it reverently to his lips.

He would look back and smile on all that some time, no doubt; but if the smile should ever be light and flippant, then Darley Hanes would not be good man or great author.

The next day he told Grainger his decision. Darley was right. The business man did think the boy was a fool, throwing up such a chance to stick to spade and wheelbarrow. The man said what he could in order to "save the boy from standing in his own light;" but Darley was not to be moved. At last Grainger gave it up, thinking he had been mistaken in the material of the boy.

Darley divined the man's opinion, but he had an instinct that it would not be improved if he disclosed the causes which had led to his determination.

CHAPTER IV.

Somewhere about the middle of this summer, Darley had a letter from Joe Dayton. It was going on now three years since he had received one; yet the letter made frequent allusion to several sent in the interval.

Darley himself had written three times to the address of the house in Hong Kong which Joe had entered; and it now appeared that only the first of these letters had ever reached

their destination. Evidently, more or less correspondence on both sides had been lost or miscarried.

All this time Joe's career and fortunes had been a theme of much curious speculation, and, later, of anxiety, in the young household.

There was another fortune, darker and sadder, too, that was sometimes talked about—always in the evening, and with bated breaths.

Perhaps I may as well say here that very little direct intelligence had been received from the Forsyth since their departure. What came was of the most fragmentary sort through the head gardener, and he in turn received his information from the business agent in New York.

Forsyth was not much given to writing. The old Scotch gardener, raw-boned and round-shouldered, had the fidelity and intelligence of his race and could be trusted, with few orders, to carry out the owner's wishes that the grounds should be generally kept up.

Once in awhile Darley, who was quite a favorite with his overseer, got some scrap of news about the family. One time he learned that they were travelling on the continent, another that the son was studying in some German university, while the father and daughter were in Paris, where the latter was taking lessons in the languages.

All this was as strange and wonderful to these young people as lives in another planet. To have a whole idle day and plenty of money to spend, was a state of existence they could hardly conceive of.

But to come back to Joe Dayton's letter. That made a breeze of interest and curiosity in the family circle. When Darley took it out of the office one noon and carried it home, and they had it before dinner and with it; and afterward, indeed, they did not have much beside for several days.

It appeared that the long silence on Darley's part had given Joe no little anxiety and alarm, although he always had a kind of faith that no real harm could happen to Darley Hanes.

At last, however, he had made up his mind to write to the postmaster of Thornley for some tidings of his friend, when, lo! a man right from the town turned up off there in Hong Kong. This man had formerly been in Grainger's warehouse, and could give some account of Darley; at least, that he was living, and still at work on Forsyth's grounds. The boy having written Joe just when the first ecstasy of his triumph over his new situation was subsiding, and he and his sisters were proving in

the hard arithmetic of daily expenses, that a dollar a day did not mean resources precisely exhaustless.

So, possessed of this data, Joe set down "to make a clean breast of it," as he said. His letter has, at all events, a kind of running autobiography, for it went back to the foundering of the *Nautilus*, and his friends learned, for the first time, how near Joe had come to perishing with the loss of the vessel; the last letter they had received having briefly stated his new good fortune, and promising the details at some future time.

Joe told the story of his rescue with that vivid, trenchant pen of his which showed that no small native talent for journalism had gone into the sailor.

It was, however, a puzzle always to tell in what Joe Dayton's special talent did consist.

There was the awful storm in the Pacific—why it seemed actually roaring in the ears of Darley and his sisters as they read, and then there was his rescuer—what a hero Joe did make of him, and how ready they all were to drink it in.

They had been together ever since in the house at Hong Kong, Joe said; and he had a feeling when he came to America that his friend would accompany him. It is true they had made no covenant to that effect, but Joe felt no less confidence on this account that when he came back to Thornley some time, his friend would be with him, and that he should turn to Darley and say: "If he had failed me once, I should not be here to-day," and he should expect Darley's welcome, for the stranger would measure his love for his old friend.

And Joe added that he had grown to love this stranger better than anybody in the world, except the boy with whom he used to howl newspapers around Merchants' Block. Nobody could ever take the newsboy's place in his heart, not even the one who had saved his life.

There was a great deal more in the letter, in Joe's quaint vein, making the tears come, sometimes for the fun, sometimes for the pathos in his story.

The life in Hong Kong had been very pleasant and prosperous, he said, but he had a New Englander's hankering for a breath of his native hills, and that was supplemented with a great hungering to see the boy who, by this time, must have added inches to his height and pounds to his bulk, but for all that Joe had not the least doubt he should recognize

even in Kalamazoo, his old confrère in the newspaper line.

Joe had a prescience that something was going to happen before many years, which would make him take ship in a hurry for America. He had observed that most important things in life did happen in a hurry, though there might have first to be long years of patient waiting and growth, but at all events he lived largely in and on that hope.

The letter closed with all kinds of eager questions and hopes about Darley's fortunes; and last of all some pleasant messages for the young ladies, marked with a little courtly deference, as though the writer was addressing princesses.

Darley smiled a little over that, thinking how he snubbed his sisters, more or less, every day of his life, but then, falling back on the old explanation, "what did Joe Dayton know of girls? He had never lived with them."

That letter alone almost supplied the young people with topics for conversation during the remainder of the summer.

The shipwreck was lived over many times, and discussed from every standpoint possible to young people who had never been ten miles outside of Thornley since their remembrance. Indeed, all the old encyclopedias and geographies of the town library were searched for information regarding the region of the Pacific trade-winds and the vicinity of Hong Kong.

There was a vast amount of speculation over that mysterious hero who had saved Joe's life at the risk of his own, and no small regret over the young man's strange forgetfulness to mention his rescuer's name. "It would have been such a comfort to know that while we are talking about him," said Cherry, indeed, all these young susceptible imaginations were wondrously possessed by Joe's story.

Darley relieved himself by a letter that covered several sheets, to his friend, in which he also poured out the gratitude of his soul for Joe's preserver.

Nobody could doubt, who read the letter, that all the warmth and tenderness of Darley's heart had gone into his words, yet he could never read them, even to his sisters, and they felt a little hurt when the letter went off and he did not show it to them, but, then, Prudy consoled herself and Cherry by telling the latter she supposed that friendship between men was a good deal like lovers, shy and reserved, and not easily to be talked about to a third person.

It was apparent enough in all the talk of

these young people, and all their speculations about the future, that no thought of lines apart and with others entered into their speculations. The heavens might fall, but so long as they stood Darley and Prudy and Cherry Hanes would live and die together.

There is a kind of transition period in the lives of romantic boys and girls when a single life possesses more attractions than any other to their imaginations.

In the midst of all these dreams Darley's work went on in commonplace, daylight work of digging, he told the girls rather grimly, sometimes in the soil, sometimes at Cicero.

Before the summer was over another sensation happened in the household. Darley actually brought home his first poem, published in the *Evening Standard*, and laid it, blushing to the roots of his hair, before the admiring gaze of his sisters.

From that hour an aureole of genius invested him in their eyes, and, in consequence, many and sore were the offences which those young girls forgave to Darley Hanes.

Indeed, Cherry solemnly confided her opinion to Prudy, when she had been more than usually aggravated by one of Darley's tiffs, that "poets were always a set of cross-patches at home."

(To be continued.)

WOMEN'S CLUBS.—Celia Burleigh, in speaking of the good results of organized thought and action among women as exemplified by women's clubs, says:

"I hold among the best things that the world has in its keeping, the friendship of good women, the coming together of such women for something better than mere amusement or to while away an idle half hour; with a desire for self-improvement, with the earnest wish to make the most and the best of their powers; to be helpful to each other and to humanity; to illustrate the dignity and the power of a cultivated, thoughtful, and self-centred womanhood, to promote these ends I wish every village and neighborhood might have its Woman's Club."

To use books rightly is to go to them for help; to appeal to them when our own knowledge and power fail; to be led by them into wider sight, purer conception than our own, and receive from them the united sentence of the judges and councils of all time against our solitary and unstable opinions.—*Ruskin*.

HIS LITTLE ONES EVERYWHERE.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

LIKE a bird in its nest, your wee darling,
Asleep on the rose of your breast,
With face like the fairest of flowers,
Knows never a pang of unrest;
The lightest of laces, just touching
The tiny face, winning and fair,
And the breezes of summer caressing
The gold of her bonny, bright hair.

White feet that are dainty and dimpled,
White fingers that beckon a kiss,
White soul on whose surface is written
No thought but of innocent bliss;
Sweet, sweet is the rest that enfolds thee,
And sweet will the waking be,
There's never a wild wave to toss thee
Alone on Eternity's sea!

Away in the shadow and silence
Of dust-trodden paths, all alone
A mother sits hushing the slumbers
That break into crying and moan;
Her babe is as brown as a berry,
No white robes or laces are there;
Yet smile—for the angels are guarding
His little ones everywhere!

So, whether with songs that are tender,
Or whether with soths that are wild,
Asleep on the mother's white bosom,
Or left—a poor, desolate child;
Sin stealth not into their slumbers,
Guilt cannot make foul what's so fair;
Ah, smile—for the angels are guarding
His little ones everywhere!

TWO PICTURES.

AN old farm-house with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:
"Oh! if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"Oh! could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
The old green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

THE SINGLE HEAD OF WHEAT.

BY FAYETTE.

ALL my daily tasks were ended,
And the hush of night had come,
Bringing rest to weary spirits,
Calling many wanderers home.
"He that goeth forth, with weeping,
Bearing golden grains of wheat,
Shall return again, rejoicing,
Laden with the harvest sweet;"
This I read, and deeply pondered
What of seed my hand had sown;
What of harvest I was reaping
To be laid before the throne.
While my thoughts were swiftly glancing
O'er the paths my feet had trod,
Sleep sealed up my weary eyelids
And a vision came from God.
In the world's great field of labor
All the reapers' tasks were done;
Each one hastened to the Master
With the sheaves that he had won.
Some with sheaves so poor and scanty,
Sadly told the number o'er;
Others staggered 'neath the burden
Of the golden grain they bore.
Gladly, then, the pearly gateways
Opened wide to let them in,
As they sought the Master's presence
With their burdens rich and thin.
Slowly, sadly, with the reapers
Who had labored long and late,
Came I at the Master's bidding,
And was latest at the gate.
Then apart from all the others,
Weeping bitterly, I stood;
I had toiled from early morning,
Working for the others' good.
When one friend had fallen, fainting,
By his piles of golden grain,
With a glass of cooling water
I revived his strength again.
And another, worn and weary,
I had aided for awhile,
Till, her failing strength returning,
She went forward with a smile.
Thus the others I had aided
While the golden moments fled,
Till the day was spent, and evening
On the earth her teardrops shed,
And I to the Master's presence
Came with weary, toiled feet,
Bearing, as my gathered harvest,
But a single head of wheat.
So, with tearful eyes, I watched them,
As, with faces glad and bright,

(232)

One by one, they laid their burdens
Down before the throne of light.
Ah! how sweetly, then, the blessing
Sounded to my listening ear;
"Nobly done, my faithful servants,
Rest, now, in your mansions here."
Then I thought, with keenest sorrow,
"Words like these are not for me;
Only those with heavy burdens
Heavenly rest and blessing see."
"Yet I love the Master truly,
And I've labored hard since dawn,
But I have no heavy burden,
Will he bid me to begone?"
While I questioned thus, in sadness,
Christ the Master, called for me,
And I knelt before him, saying
"I have only this for thee."
"I have labored hard, O Master,
I have toiled from morn till night,
But I sought to aid my neighbors,
And to make their labor light;
"So the day has passed unnoticed,
And to-night with shame I come,
Bringing, as my gathered harvest,
But a single wheat-head home."
Then I laid it down, with weeping,
At his blessed, pierced feet,
And he smiled upon my trembling—
Ah! his smile was passing sweet.
"Child, it is enough," he answered,
"All I asked for, thou hast brought,
And among the band of reapers,
Truly, bravely, hast thou wrought."
"This was thine appointed mission—
Well hast thou performed thy task;
Have no fear that I will chide thee—
This is all that I would ask."
Then I woke, but long, the vision
In my heart I pondered o'er,
While I tried to see what meaning,
Hidden in its depths, it bore.
And, at length, this lesson slowly
Dawned upon my wondering mind;
Never mind what others gather,
Do whate'er thy hand can find.
If it be thy lotted mission
Thus to serve the reaper band,
And the evening find thee weary,
With an empty, sheafless hand.
Let thy heart be never troubled,
Faithfully fulfil thy task;
Have no fear that he will chide thee,
Heavy sheaves he will not ask.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

COMFORTED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALKS WITH A CHILD."
IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.
CHAPTER II.

MY friend, Mrs. Mary Langdon, had lost her first-born baby when it was only six months old. I was with her when it died. Such grief and despair I had not seen before. Loving with the intensity of a deeply passionate nature, the pain of her bereavement was as unfathomable as her love.

All consolation had been rejected. There was a bitter, accusing spirit in her sorrow. She even called God cruel. "Were there not enough babies in Heaven, that he must take mine?—My only one!" she answered me, when I tried to speak of His goodness. "Was He jealous of my happiness?" she said, at another time, with a quiver of anger in her voice.

Once, on visiting her, I found her in a more disturbed state than usual. An excellent, well-meaning lady had called to talk with and console her; but the kind of consolation she had to offer irritated instead of soothing, and turned her away from the divine source of comfort, in which alone peace and rest are to be found.

"You were making an idol of this child," said the lady, with more of rebuke than tender pity in her tone; "and so God took him. He must be loved supremely. Nothing must come between the soul and God. He will suffer no idol to stand."

"He is selfish and cruel!" was the startling answer, made with flashing eyes. At this the lady grew angry, as one will sometimes when an absent friend is assailed, and so lost all power as a consolator. What more she said, I will not record. It was not just to our loving Father in Heaven, though she assumed to be his defender, and to say from what motive he acted in his dealings with his weak, erring, suffering, finite children.

I happened to call soon after this person left, and found Mrs. Langdon greatly disturbed. After a little effort, I was able to draw from her an account of the interview. I was pained and saddened by what she told me. It was all of the grave and its gloom, and of the chastenings of God, who was jealous of his glory, and would suffer no idol to come between Him and the human soul.

Long I tried to raise her mind into a truer sense of God's love and care. To help her to see that nothing of punishment was involved in the painful ordeal through which He was leading her, but only the wisest and tenderest regard for the welfare of both herself and babe. But I failed to dispel the shadows in which she was sitting.

My next interview is recorded in the preceding chapter. I had no power in my plain and homely

way of presenting the truth, to lift her into a region where sight was clearer; but in the calm assuring tenderness of the poet, her heart found rest, and on the wings of his aspiring soul her soul was elevated to regions of spiritual light, where she had comforting glimpses of the love of God never seen before—a vision never to be wholly forgotten, though it might be dimmed at times by the mists of a natural sorrow.

I carried her in my heart for many days before it was possible to visit her again; but carried her more hopefully. I felt that a window had been opened in her soul, and that light from Heaven was passing through.

Sad, very sad, I found her when I came again, and oh, with such dreary eyes! I smiled as I kissed her; saying: "The peace of God, that passeth all understanding, bless you my friend!"

I saw a quick change in her face; a softening of its painfully rigid lines; a warming of its cold marble-like hue—not very marked, but to my sight clearly visible.

She laid her head silently down upon my bosom as we stood together, and was very still. In a few moments I felt her tears dropping on my hand. Then I said, softly:

"He sees thee weep, yet does not blame
The weakness of the flesh and heart;
Thy human nature is the same
As that in which He took a part."

* * * * *

"Turn thee to Him, to Him alone;
For all that my poor lips can say
To soothe thee, broken-hearted one,
Would fail to comfort thee to-day."

Her tears fell faster for a little while. In the calmness that followed, and while her face was still hidden on my breast, she said: "I have been trying to pray for help, but God seems so far off—so cold—so encompassed with grandeur and glory. I cannot feel that he hears or cares for me."

I drew her to a seat, and we sat down together, my arm clasped tightly around her.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

I paused a few moments after repeating this comforting invitation of our Lord and Saviour. Then, to lead her thought to Him as the infinite divine friend and "lover of her soul," I added:

"This, this is the God we adore.
Our faithful unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end."

"Not afar off," I continued, "but very, very near. Two thousand years ago, this 'faithful, unchangeable Friend,' bowed the heavens and came

down—down to the very lowliest. He took upon Him our nature, with all its weakness and suffering, and all its evil inclinations, and in Himself made it pure and divine. So He became God with us—with us in this Divine Human nature—which, as a spiritual presence and power, is so intimately near, that it is, as it were, God standing close by our side to help, strengthen and comfort us in every trial, conflict and sorrow. He is no God afar off, encompassed with grandeur and glory, as you said just now, but a loving Lord and Saviour, saying to our inner ears as he said in the outward hearing of his disciples, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Pray to Him, dear friend; to Him as a divine being, full of the tenderest pity and love; a personal God, into whose ever-attentive ears you can pour your grief, knowing that He will hear and help."

My friend had turned toward me while I was speaking, and I saw in her face an expression of interest almost verging on surprise.

"He who took little children in His arms and blessed them; who, during the years of His wonderful incarnation and visible presence among men, healed the sick, opened blind eyes, cleansed lepers, and went about in Judea and Gallilee doing good; He, the Lord Jesus Christ, is your divine, omnipotent friend—

" 'Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.'"

"Look to Him, dear friend. Confide in Him. Go to Him as to a loving father, and tell Him of your sorrow, and ask of Him such help and comfort in your affliction as He knows how to give. Don't feel afraid because of His majesty and greatness. Don't even think of these; but only of His love, and pity, and readiness to pour into your bleeding heart the oil and wine of consolation."

She did not answer, but took a long, deep inspiration, and then breathed out slowly with a faint sighing sound, in which was more of relief than pain. Down upon my breast she laid her head again, and was still for a long time; praying, I thought.

I had come with a purpose, yet in doubt whether Mrs. Langdon's state of mind would admit of its being made known. My doubt was beginning to fade.

"Have you heard from Mrs. Royer within a day or two?" I asked.

She merely shook her head.

"She is going to die," I said.

Mrs. Langdon raised herself quickly.

"Oh, no! That can't be, surely!"

"I believe the people about her have given up all hope.

"Oh, Agnes! That is dreadful! And her baby isn't a month old!"

"Scarcely."

This Mrs. Royer was a poor young widow, who had lost her husband only three months before.

The shock of a sudden bereavement had been so great as to break down her whole nervous system, and since the birth of her baby, which took place two months after her husband's death, life had been steadily waning, and now, like a burnt-out candle, was flickering in the socket. A little while and her feeble pulses would be still.

The purpose for which I had come this morning was to awaken in the heart of my friend an interest in the soon-to-be motherless baby; if that were possible. I understood enough of human nature and its necessities to know that, without an interest in something out of herself, there was no comfort for my friend. That thinking and praying would be of no avail without doing. A new love must be born in her heart, or the old love would be a tireless burden, an unassuaged pain.

"What is to become of that dear baby when its mother dies I do not know," said I, after waiting a few moments to give Mrs. Langdon time for some further remark.

"Has she no relatives?"

"None, I believe," was my answer.

My friend sighed heavily, but made no further response. I saw a troubled look coming into her face.

"Swedenborg says that when infants are taken to Heaven, they are given into the care of angels of the female sex who, when they lived in the world, most tenderly loved children; and that these angels find their highest joy in ministering to infants newborn into the spiritual world, and that each has as many given to her as in the richness of her love she desires."

"Say that again," my friend answered, leaning toward me with a new expression of interest on her countenance.

I repeated the sentence.

"Do you believe it?" she asked.

"I have not been there to see for myself; but I find nothing in the statement that is against reason, Scripture, or the loving instincts of the heart. But this I know, if I had a babe in Heaven, I would be the gladdest of sorrowing mothers if I could believe that it were so. Let us think about it for a moment. An infant that dies is as infantile in soul as in body. It goes to Heaven as an infant, and is just as helpless there as it was here. Now, will not the good Lord, who, when on the earth took little children in His arms and blessed them, provide for the infants taken to Heaven with the tenderest solicitude? Will He not surround them with all things needed for their good? Is there any other way for Him to care for them so well as to give them angel-mothers? Think about it. Can you imagine any other relation into which a tender, helpless baby, removed from this world to Heaven, could be brought that would so well secure its happiness?"

"What more does Swedenborg say about infants who go from this world to Heaven?" Mrs. Langdon asked.

"Much that at first seems new and strange—but nothing in conflict with the teaching of our dear Lord and Saviour. All that he does say, is very comforting to those who have lost children. It gives to the world into which they have been transplanted such a real existence; and leads them to think of their absent ones as living, and learning, and growing up into the stature of angels."

"Growing up!" Mrs. Langdon uttered the words with a thrill of surprise in her voice, and with an expression of pain on her face. "Growing up! Not to find my baby again, even in Heaven? Oh, no! I can't believe that! I will not believe it!" she spoke almost passionately.

I waited for some time before speaking again—then said: "Love in its essence is unselfish. It desires for its object the highest possible good."

She did not respond in any way. I continued: "There is no human love so pure and self-devoted as the love of a mother. She will give if need be, her life for the life of her babe. She seeks to compass it about with everything from which it can derive happiness. She watches its opening mind, and rejoices in every new evidence of dawning intelligence. Its growth and development are her daily delight. As it emerges from helplessness into self-trust; from mere sensation into consciousness, how proudly she hails each sign of progress. Ask her if she would have it always remain a babe, and she will answer, 'No.'"

"I would answer yes!" spoke out my friend warmly. "I would have kept my baby a babe always and forever, if I had possessed the power."

"Do you think it would have been best for him to remain forever undeveloped; a mere germ of manhood, with all the wonderful powers of his soul cramped and lost?"

I saw a little shiver go through her frame.

"Oh, no!" I went on, "your love for him looks higher than that. It desires for him the richest and noblest perfections of manhood and angelhood; for in any degree that he falls below the highest of these he falls below the perfection of his nature, and below the degree of happiness for which he was born."

Mrs. Langdon's head bent slowly.

A shade of more serious thought dropped over her face. Her eyes rested on the floor for a long time.

"How could my baby grow in Heaven?" she asked, at last, looking at me as one who propounds a difficult problem.

"Babies grow in two ways he," I answered.

"How?" she queried.

"They grow mentally as well as physically."

"Oh, yes; I know that."

"Physically through the use of natural food; mentally by using food for the mind. Knowledge is mental food. As fast as the mind learns, it grows. It is not by eating and drinking that the soul of a child develops; but by learning to think

about what it sees and hears, smells and touches. Now, the removal of a babe into Heaven cannot stop its mental growth. It is a baby still, even more beautiful as a form of innocence than it was here; a baby with a perfect organism, made of spiritual substance and lovely in the eyes of angels, who can take it in their arms, bear it tenderly on their bosoms, and teach it heavenly things. As it learns about these heavenly things, it will grow in stature—as fast as it grows in knowledge, until at length it attains the full stature of a wise and loving angel."

"You surprise me with new thoughts," Mrs. Langdon said. "I never heard anything like it before."

"The poet saw all this on his mount of vision when he wrote:

"Not as a child shall we again behold her,
For, when with rapture wild,
In our embrace we again enfold her
She will not be a child.

"But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face!"

A deeper shadow fell over her again.

"So hard, so hard to bear!" she sobbed. "Oh I cannot find comfort here! Never to see my baby again! To lose it forever! To know that another has my joy."

"And to know," I said, "that your sweet baby is not a cold dead form in the ground, but a living and beautiful cherub in Heaven, loved and cared for with angelic tenderness: Is there nothing here for your poor sick heart? Oh, there is much my friend!"

"It does not make my sense of bereavement any the less," she answered, "My arms are weary with emptiness; my breasts ache with fulness, and long for my baby's mouth! It may be well with him; but as for me, I am heart-broken and comfortless!"

"God will fill your arms and ease your aching breast. Only go to him, and ask him to take away all that is selfish in your love. Ask him to give you a measure of that higher and purer love that fills the hearts of angels."

"What then?" she asked. I saw that she was beginning to comprehend my meaning, but feared, if I made it too plain, that she would reject the cup brimming with sweet wine that I was trying to raise to her lips.

"What then?" she repeated the question.

As I was trying to frame a fitting reply, the door of the room in which we sat was opened and a visitor announced.

A look of annoyance and disappointment came into the face of Mrs. Langdon.

"I will excuse myself," she said.

"No," I replied. "I have already overstaid

my time and must go. But I will come again soon."

"How soon?" she asked, holding my hands tightly, and looking wistfully into my face.

"Very soon."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes, if you would like to have me."

"I shall look for you; and you will be sure to come?"

"Unless something of which I am not now aware prevents, I will see you to-morrow."

And I kissed her and went away.

LAY SERMONS.

TWO KINDS OF WORLDLINESS.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

"COUSIN JANE," said an old farmer solemnly, to his city cousin who was visiting him. "Don't you think church people are getting awful worldly in the city now days? Do you think it is right for you to wear such a gown as that and to curl your hair? Don't you think piety is at a pretty low state in city churches?"

"Undoubtedly," said Jane, looking thoughtfully into the fire. "There is a great deal of worldly vanity displayed of a Sunday in our church."

"Well, then, don't you think it your duty to set your face against it by dressing some other way?"

"If you mean by that, dressing plainly I do so, almost to singularity. As for curling my hair, I think I shall likely do that as long as I live! It is, to my mind, the most simple and natural manner of dressing it when one's hair curls naturally."

"But it looks worldly. That's what I think we should steer clear of. That's what destroys the piety of churches."

"That is true, Seth, I have often thought it was that which destroyed the piety of this little church when I used to be acquainted with it."

"Why, Jane, there isn't a quieter, more old-fashioned church than this has always been in the whole country."

"To be old-fashioned is very different from being pious. Some people strangely confound the two. I must say, Seth, whatever this church is now, it used to be the most worldly church I ever knew. Far in advance of the city church I am connected with."

"I should like to see how you make it out," said the old deacon with some asperity.

"It was a hard, grinding, grasping butter and cheese worldliness. The very worldliness that the Scriptures describe in the parable of the man who pulled down his barns to build bigger. The one to whom the Lord said: 'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee.' Ah, Cousin Seth, these rich old farmers here, who dole out their pennies to the Lord's cause, who starve their minister, and grumble at 'begging-sermons,' will have a long account to render at the last. While their city brethren are giving their tens of thousands, one gentleman I know gives seventy-five thousand dollars a year to the Lord, they are hoarding their

dollars, or laying them out in new lands and barns and houses. What do you think they will say when God asks them to give an account of all the money he has lent them to spend for him and not for themselves. I am afraid they will be speechless. This is a kind of worldliness, that has no redeeming trait of grace or beauty. The Lord is against such stewards. Such worldliness is soul destroying."

Seth sat half dazed by such plain speaking. He held his money close and made a merit of it. It made him ill at ease to have his cousin, whom he had set out to rebuke with great power, so turn his eye inward. The view was not pleasing, and the passages of Scripture suggested were far from cheering. But the only visible effect was in his refraining to rail at city Christians for a time. The next Sabbath he dropped a penny in the collection just as usual. "He was joined to his idols."

THE DUTY OF TO-DAY.

MANY of us say to ourselves, "If I were in some position better fitted to my capacities, I could become greater and more noble; but it is of no use for me to try to do any good here, where everything goes against me." It is all a mistake; for if our duty still holds us to the place, we shall surely find that the faithful, cheerful performance of it *now* and *here*, will be the best fitting we can possibly have for that other and greater work when God shall think best to put it within our reach.

This humdrum round of duties, the same from day to day, of household cares, of teaching, buying and selling, writing, or exchanging the everlasting dollar, seems a very narrow life to us sometimes, and we are too apt to think as before that there can be no chance for doing anything great or serviceable to others while engaged in them.

But is it not by being faithful in the minor daily events of life that we gain strength and wisdom for the greater?—and indeed these things are not so little as they seem. We must begin at the *beginning*; with ourselves not only for our own sakes, but for the sake of our children; and with them also in the beginning, while the soil is fresh and new to receive the seed. Then will the seed spring up more readily than if planted after the soil is hardened by many storms.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

ROBIN AND HER VIOLETS.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

IN a pretty village in the northern part of Ohio, once lived a little girl whom I shall call Robin. Now Robin was only one of a hundred pet names given to this little girl by her fond father and mother, but it seemed to me the most appropriate of all, because she had such quick, bright eyes, and such a cunning way of poising her pretty head on one side—like a listening canary—and her song was like a bird's through all the fair glad years, making everything about her bright and beautiful.

Robin's father and mother lived in a pretty white cottage facing a small yard half filled with evergreens, and fair with narrow, meandering flowerbeds that were Robin's especial pride. Back of the cottage, the smooth lawn sloped downward to the margin of a river, whose banks were hung with willows, beneath which, in the warm summer days, the little girl would sit for hours, leaning over the water, dropping morsels of food to the minnows that knew her voice and were glad at her coming, and singing low, sweet snatches of song that the waves took up and echoed as they hurried away,

"By many a field and fallow,"

and through the deep green wood, to the sea, whose great, hungry heart will hold its secrets "forever and a day."

A happy child was Robin. From early morning, when, with white hands folded in her mamma's, she said "Our Father," till she "Now I lay me," and the good-night kiss at bed-time, never a hasty word dropped from her lips, never a frown darkened her face, and her presence was like a flood of sunlight in the cottage by the river.

Little Robin loved *flowers* better than she loved anything on earth, or *anybody*, except her father and mother. She had her own garden-plot, but it was very small and the blossoms few, and the little girl used to wish it would be always spring, so she could be out in the forest whenever she liked, filling her basket with flowers, and singing with the birds.

"When *will* the spring come, mamma?" she said one day when the snow had gone from the hill-tops and the wind blew warm across the heath. "Robin's eyes are *so* hungry for violets."

"Oh, very soon, my darling," the mother answered, "for I heard another robin than mine singing to-day out in the great pear-tree, singing, it seemed to me, of violets, and bright eyes, and low laughter out among the hills, and where the lilies grow."

"For *true*, mamma? Oh! for *true*? I'm *so* glad! and the very first flower that peeps above the leaves Robin will find and hide it in your bosom,

because she loves you, *loves you*, mamma!" And about the mother's neck little arms were clasped, and upon her face, still young and fair, there fell a shower of kisses. Oh, a proud, happy woman was the mother of sweet Robin!

But the days flew by, as bright days *ever* do, and out in the woods the trees were budding, and the half-dried marshes were purple with violets. The river banks grew white with lilies, and bird-nests swung in the willows, but Robin was the merriest, blithest bird of all and her song was the sweetest that echoed under the woodland arches, and along the winding stream.

In the cottage there were blossoms everywhere. Violet-garlands looped the delicate lace from the parlor-windows; violets lifted their blue eyes from tiny beds of moss upon the centre-table, and white lilies hung upon the mirrors, the paintings, and the chandeliers. Even Maggie, the cook, was not forgotten. A huge bouquet ornamented the kitchen mantel, and Robin laughed aloud, repeating to her father the warm-hearted Irish girl's "God bliss yure purty face, ye swate darlint!" And *papa* says: "God bless you! my darling, my sunshine, my wee, white lamb!" folding her in his arms, and bowing his haughty head, till his brown locks mingled with "Sunshine's" golden curls—"God forever bless you!"

But Robin could not stay with *papa*. A new idea had taken possession of the curly head, some one of the many strange, weird fancies that made her so unlike most children of her years, and gliding from the arms that fain would have held her always, the little girl went thoughtfully to the window, and, drawing back the damask, laid her face against the window-pane, and was silent.

It was an April eve. The skies were soft and clear, the stars smiled tenderly down on the fair child-face uplifted to their splendor.

The light feet of the laughter-loving wind lingered by the casement and shook out the sweets of the jasmine, and still the child sat with her face to the window and her brown eyes lifted to the stars, and the mother at her sewing said softly to herself: "I wonder what Robin dreams!—but I shall know by and by." So her hands kept on with their labor, which after all, was *not* labor, for "the darling will look so like an angel in the soft white cashmere with its delicate lace and dainty frills!" she said, holding up the half-finished dress and thinking of her idol upon the low stool, and with her strange dream at the casement.

Presently the damask shut out the moonlight and the stars, and Robin turned from the window slowly, and as one who walks in sleep. The mother lifted her in her arms, and for a moment there was silence, save for the ticking of the clock and the

wind among the jasmine-buds, while the gold head rose and fell with every throb of the mother-heart below.

"Mamma?"

"Yes, dear."

"Are there violets in Heaven, mamma?"

"Yes, darling."

"Blue violets? and sweet, white lilies, mamma?"

"Yes, Robin; and they never will droop and fade like those we gather here."

Then there was silence, and a troubled look found its way to the beautiful, wondering eyes.

"And, mamma, are there many children in Heaven?"

"Yes, love; and their songs are happier even than yours—happier than the birds."

Then again there was silence, and the troubled look deepened in the brown eyes, and a shadow went broadening over the lifted face, and creeping about the lips that quivered for a moment, and then said, so low that the mother bent to listen: "Let me go soon, or the violets will be gone, mamma."

"Oh, Robin! Robin! for me there is but one blossom in earth or Heaven!—one pure white lily that *must* not die. You will not leave me, darling?" and the mother's lips were white as snow and her life seemed going out forever in the hold of a terrible fear.

April passed, and the "May-day" dawned.

The river went chattering over its pebbled path in the old-time way, the bird-nests swung in the willows, and flowers were thick in the hedges and in the woody hollows, but the feet of Robin would wander there no more, and her voice, that was like the chime of a silver bell, would never again break the silence with its singing.

Into the cottage by the river the sunlight crept that fair May morning of which I write, but brown-

eyed Robin was sleeping in a tiny rosewood casket, and her own fair flowers—the violets her dimpled hands had gathered, still bright, and beautiful, and fragrant, were twined with her curls of gold, were looping the drapery from her waxen shoulders, and peeping from every fold of her gossamer dress. They laid her away upon the hillside, and many times upon the little mound they made, have blossomed the blue violets and purple pansies that the sweet child loved so well.

The cottage has been long deserted and in the city's noise and bustle the stricken parents wait for the "olive-branch" their darling will *some day* bring them from the beautiful land of peace. Sometimes, when the night broods over the busy town, and they sit together in their silent room, the mother's tears fall fast upon a faded lily and a curl of gold that holds yet the faint fragrance of violets; but the father says: "Put them away, dear, if they make you weep, for the child is *ours still*, and the garden of Paradise cannot be far away."

"I know—I know—but oh, Robin, Robin!" and a cry wails out into the night, a cry so deep and wild that angels well may pity the hungry mother-heart from whence it comes.

"Then, there is silence, and nothing there, But the silence, and scent of eglantiers."

And Robin's home to-day is not upon the hillside, and in the rosewood case, but her brows are bound with a fadeless wreath, and her song is sweeter than of old. Her little life, so pure and bright, was

"Better than all the poems

That ever were sung or said."

And in the village where she lived and died, many an eye to-day will fill with tears at mention of her name, and many a voice quaver and fail, ere it finishes the tale of Robin and her violets.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

A USEFUL HOME MISSIONARY.

"DEAR PIPSEY, how she does help us to keep ourselves in repair," said Aunt Ellen, as she laid aside the January HOME MAGAZINE. "We must gather up all our loose-handled knives, Annie, and try her plan of fixing the handles."

"How many things we learned last year from Pipey, that were useful to us. I think she is a real Home Missionary, in the strict sense of the word. Who do you suppose she is, Aunt Ellen?" asked Louisa.

"Some bright, little, black-eyed woman, I dare say, with a keen look out for the little *practicals*, in domestic life, and leisure to note them down hoping they may be of use in some other homes."

"And hasn't she the asthma, and neuralgia, and catarrh, and don't she wear the deacon's old camel cloak?" asked little Maude, regretfully.

"Not a bit of it, my dear. She fixes herself up every morning in the brightest of warm lined wrappers, and as soon as she can, after breakfast, hastens away to her little snuggerly where the writing-table stands. With the bookcase of favorite volumes near by, and writes out her pleasant chapters for our delight. Oh, how I hope she will stick to her present line, and not spoil all by writing a novel or anything of that sort. Let us always have the deacon and the girls, and the good sensible neighbors of Pottsville. We shall not learn all there is to be known about them in a life time."

"But at least, mamma, Pipesey is an old maid, isn't she?" pursued Maude, who was quite inconsolable at having her ideal Pipesey transformed into just a common-place magazine writer like her mamma.

"Not very old, twenty-eight or thereabouts."

"Why, auntie," said Annie, "you talk just as if you were acquainted with her. Now it is my opinion that Pipesey is the wife of some professional man with a small income, and that she helps piece it out with her pen just as you do. I dare say she finishes off many an article with her foot on the cradle rocker, just as you do. She has learned her economies by hard experience, as you have, taking care of your babies and nieces. I think I shall ask her just to settle this question."

"I guess you could teach her some new things, auntie," said Louisa. "I never saw anybody that could beat you making over, and that is the secret of our always having a nice suit to go out in, summer or winter, and plenty of good seasonable clothes for every day. Isn't it some comfort to you, dear auntie, that we are learning your knacks, and will be able to help you in earnest some of these days. Even Maude hands down her last year's doll's clothes to her new doll of this Christmas."

"You are all comforts and blessings, dears, and you and Annie take already a great burden of care from my shoulders, and give me many precious hours for writing, that secures us many of our comforts. But there is Lewie waking. The darling, how he has slept, for all he had such a cold. Tell Pipesey she need not limit her 'greasing' of a child to cure it of scarlet fever. There is no difficulty of the throat, chest, or bowels that is not the better for it. Last night Lewie was miserable, but when I undressed him by the warm fire I rubbed his whole chest and throat with melted lard with a little beeswax in it, for fifteen minutes. Then I dressed him in warm flannel and tucked him up snugly in his crib, and the result was a good night's rest for both of us, and he is much better this morning."

"I believe every word that Pipesey says about helping the poor when you feel especially impelled to. I don't doubt but the good angels whisper such things to us."

"No doubt God sends them as messengers to us very often, but it is sweeter to me to think such suggestions come directly from our dear Lord Himself, and that He says to us when we obey His bidding, 'Ye did it unto Me.' Now what good can we do this cold winter's day to some of His suffering ones?"

"You know we had soup for dinner, auntie, and there is a quart or so left over. Poor Hepsey Carter will not get home from her washing until late, and her children will have little but potatoes for their supper. I know they would relish a basin of our nice soup."

"They shall certainly have it, Louisa. Will you take it to them?"

"Yes, auntie; and while I am on the way, I may as well give Tommy Hughes those cloth mittens you cut out and made of the scraps left after making over my beaver coat. The poor boy goes by every day to his work with hands so bare and red. He saves every cent he earns for his poor mother. We must help Tommy all we can."

"We certainly must, and I will look over uncle's old clothes this very afternoon, and see if we cannot contrive a new jacket for him. He could come to Sabbath-school if he had one. There was never a more faithful, steady boy in attending, as long as he could wear his linen suit."

Maude had sat absently all this while looking out on the snow-covered earth, and watching the plump snow-birds nipping the seeds from every weed that showed its head. Now she spoke out with her accustomed earnestness, showing that her thoughts were still on her ideal Pipesey: "I hope she won't marry that old Deacon Skiles, any way."

We all smiled at the darling, and told her to never fear. Pipesey was too sharp for that. Other people would be peeping through her windows and seeing such a scene of misery as she has never pictured in her life, if she did take such a silly step.

"I wish I could see her in that new alapac dress when Susy Parker gets it made up all in style," said Maude, with a sparkle in her eyes as she still looked out on the snow.

"You dear little thing, Pipesey will turn your head yet. What a crony you have made of her. I must hunt up some real, live old maid for you, to take your mind off from Miss Potts," said Louisa.

Reading hour was up, and the sewing-basket was brought out for a little while before it was time to get tea. By this economy of the minutes, much was accomplished in this methodical family; and, having the reading hour come first, they had something pleasant and useful to talk about as they sewed.

FIVE LITTLE ONLYS.

ONLY a stray sunbeam? Yet, perchance, it has cheered some wretched abode, gladdened some stricken heart or its golden light has found its way through the leafy branches of wood, kissed the moss-covered banks where the violets grow, and shades of beauty adorn its lovely form.

Only a gentle breeze! But how many aching brows hath it fanned, how many hearts had been cheered by its gentle touch?

Only a frown! But it left a sad, dreary void in the child's heart, the quivering lips and tearful eyes told how keenly he felt it.

Only a smile? But, ah, it cheered the broken heart; engendered a ray of hope, and cast a halo of light around the unhappy patient.

Only a word of encouragement, a single word! It gives to the drooping spirit new life, and the steps press on to victory.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

GOING HOME.

BY MRS. A. W. L. GLEN.

I HEARD a little school-girl say,
"I am going home to-day,"
And then she sighed like one oppressed,
To calm the flutter of her breast,
But still rang out, the merry lay,
"I am going home to-day."

Her school-mates catch the glad refrain,
And eagerly reply again,
"We have loved you long and well,
And grief within our bosoms swell,
We'll miss you at our books and play."
She said, "I'm going home to-day."

The teacher passing heard the talk,
And, pausing in her noonday walk,
She said a word of loving grace,
And stooping, kissed the wistful face,
But still she murmured, glad and gay,
"I am going home to-day."

I saw that form, so witching fair,
With beaming eye and golden hair,
And other forms around her stand,
With loving looks and clasping hands.
In vain they plead, she answers, "Nay;
I am going home to-day."

Wearied of our wandering here,
Sick of sorrow, sin, and care,
Longing for the mansions bright,
For our faith to change to sight,
Oh! what happiness to say,
"I am going home to-day."

Patience o'er life's rough road,
Lovingly to walk with God,
In everything, or joy, or pain,
Giving thanks, with earnest strain,
Thus we're learning how to say,
"I am going home to-day."

STRAWBERRIES.

TROWBRIDGE.

LITTLE Pearl Honeydew, six years old,
From her bright ear parted the curls of gold;
And laid her head on the strawberry-bed,
To hear what the red-cheeked berries said.

Their cheeks were blushing, their breath was sweet,
She could almost hear their little hearts beat;
And the tiniest lisping, whispering sound
That ever you heard, came up from the ground.

"Little friends," she said, "I wish I knew
How it is you thrive on sun and dew!"
And this is the story the berries told
To little Pearl Honeydew, six years old.

"You wish you knew? and so do we!
But we can't tell you, unless it be
That the same kind Power that cares for you,
Takes care of poor little berries too.

"Tucked up snugly, and nestled below
Our covert of wind-woven snow,
We peep and listen, all winter long,
For the first spring day and the blue-bird's song.

(240)

"When the swallows fly home to the old brown shed,
And the robins build on the bough overhead,
Then out from the mould, from the darkness and cold
Blossom, and runner, and leaf unfold.

"Good children then, if they come near.
And hearken a good long while, may hear
A wonderful tramping of little feet.—
So fast we grow in the summer heat.

"Our clocks are the flowers; and they count the hours
Till we can mellow in sun and showers,
With warmth of the west wind and heat of the south,
A ripe red berry for a ripe red mouth.

"Apple-blossoms whiten, and peach-blossoms fall,
And roses are gay by the garden wall,
Ere the daisy's dial gives the sign
That we can invite little Pearl to dine.

"The days are longest, the month is June,
The year is nearing its golden noon.
The weather is fine, and our feast is spread
With a green cloth and berries red.

"Just take us betwixt your finger and thumb—
And quick! O quick! for, see! there come
Tom on all fours, and Martin the man,
And Margaret, picking as fast as they can!

"Oh, dear! if you only knew how it shocks
Nice berries like us to be sold by the box,
And eaten by strangers, and paid for with pelf,
You would surely take pity, and eat us yourself!"

And this is the story the small lips told
To dear Pearl Honeydew, six years old,
When she laid her head on the strawberry-bed
To hear what the red-cheeked berries said.

FAILURE.

THE Lord, who fashioned my hands for working,
Set me a task, and it is not done;
I tried and tried since the early morning,
And now to westward sinketh the sun!

Noble the task that was kindly given
To one so little and weak as I;
Somehow my strength could never grasp it,
Never, as days and years went by.

Now I know my task will never be finished,
And when the Master calleth my name,
The voice will find me still at my labor,
Weeping beside it in weary shame.

With empty hands I shall rise to meet Him,
And, when He looks for the fruits of years,
Nothing have I to lay before Him
But broken efforts and bitter tears.

Yet when He calls I fain would hasten;
Mine eyes are dim and their light is gone;
And I am as weary as though I carried
A burden of beautiful work well done.

I will fold my empty hands on my bosom,
Meekly thus, in the shape of His Cross;
And the Lord who made them so frail and feeble
Maybe will pity their strife and loss.

THE GARDEN AND GREENHOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GARDENING FOR LADIES," ETC.

CROWN IMPERIALS.

THESE plants, says the *Floral World*, are well deserving of being extensively cultivated, for, being among the earliest tall flowers of spring, they make a fine appearance at a season when such flowers are much needed to set off our beds. Besides, the beauty of the plants, and the splendor of the magnificent pendulous blossoms, should ever secure them a place in the flower garden.

The crown-imperial is propagated by seeds, or by offsets from the root, the latter being the method generally adopted.

The roots may remain the year round in the soil, and need only be transplanted every three or four years. When planted in mixed borders, they should not be placed too near other flowers. Set six inches deep at least, especially the stronger roots. They delight in a light, moderately rich, and not too moist soil.

DOUBLE BALSAMS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Iowa Homestead* writes as follows with regard to these fine flowers, in raising which she claims to have had "splendid success:"

"I started seeds in a cigar-box placed in a south window. When the seedlings had formed the second leaves, transplanted into thumb pots, kept them there till settled weather in May, and then planted them out. As the plants grew, I broke off all the side branches, allowing only the main stalk to grow. June 10th they began to bloom, and grew rapidly until three feet high, when the stalks were perfect masses of flowers. Such a blaze of scarlet, blotched with white, and crimson, and purple, and white tinged with a faint blue, and other different shades. Many were double, and fit rivals for the queenly roses. It is a pity they have such short stems. The best way to display them is on a plate or saucer, on a green bed of French Marigold, or some other plant with delicate foliage. Pruning the plants in the above manner causes them to bloom earlier and more abundantly. A few should be set out every two or three weeks for a succession, as when they begin to ripen seeds the plants lose much of their beauty, and should be cut off and thrown away. To occupy the spaces thus left vacant, plant, at the time of setting out the balsams, a few seeds of *Abronia umbellata*. These will run over and occupy the ground, and be ready to bloom about the time the old balsam stalks are cut away. It is best to start the seeds of *Abronia* in a warm window, or a hot-bed. The seeds must be separated from the hard husks in which they grow, else they will rot.

THE VITALITY OF SEEDS.

MOST scientific men, says the *Maine Farmer*, believe that seeds buried in the ground preserve their vitality for hundreds and even thousands of years.

Mr. Marsh, in his learned work entitled "Man and Nature," says the vitality of seeds "seems almost imperishable while they remain in the situation in which nature deposits them." He gives many instances in which one crop of plants had disappeared on a change of conditions, and another, of different nature, had promptly assumed its place, originating evidently from seeds pre-existing for ages in the soil.

In a book entitled "Sketches of Creations," by Prof. Winchell, of the University of Michigan, recently published, there is a chapter on the vitality of buried vegetable germs, which fully corroborates the views expressed by Mr. Marsh. The writer alludes to the facts that on removing a pine forest, hard wood often succeeds, and *rice versa*, that earth thrown out of wells sends up a ready crop of weeds, and, not unfrequently, of species previously unknown; that on breaking up a sod of grass land, after any number of years, a crop of annual weeds will immediately resume possession; that a dressing of raw muck develops sorrel; and to a great many similar facts. He also cites the fact, as an authenticated one, that some well-diggers in a town on the Penobscot River, in Maine, about forty miles from the sea, came, at the depth of about twenty feet, upon a stratum of sand. No such sand was to be found in the neighborhood, and none like it was known nearer than the sea, forty miles away. It was saved and piled up by itself, and on the completion of the well it was spread about the spot on which it had been placed. As some peculiar plants soon showed themselves, they were protected out of curiosity, and on growing up they were ascertained to be beach-plum trees, and actually bore the beach-plum, which had never been seen except immediately upon the seashore. Now, geologists and other scientific men, suppose that the seeds from which these shrubs grew were deposited in this sand when that part of the state was the shore of the slowly receding sea; a period anterior perhaps to the creation of man.

Well known instances of the preservation of wood in water and swamps are cited as confirmation of this theory of the long continued vitality of seeds. The piles that sustain the London Bridge are still comparatively sound, after having been driven five hundred years. Venice stands on piles that were driven in the seventh and eighth centuries—more than a thousand years ago. And

in New Jersey are swamps filled with timber so valuable that it is "mined" for lumber. Prof. Cook, in his *Geology of New Jersey*, says, "the number of annual rings in the trunk of one of these buried trees, six feet in diameter, was one thousand and eighty; while beneath it was another trunk counting five hundred rings, which had evidently grown and fallen down before the huge log above it had commenced its growth. This carries us back much further into the past than human records reach, but it is by no means a solitary case. Buried trunks of trees are often found from twenty to sixty feet deep in the earth, in what the geologists call the glacial deposits. At Salem,

Ohio, fifteen miles north of Dayton, a mass of drift wood is found from thirty-seven to forty-three feet beneath the surface of the ground, embedded in mud.

And up in Siberia the flesh of the extinct mammoth has been preserved in ice so completely that, on being exposed, dogs and bears greedily devoured it.

Prof. Winchell asks, if a material so perishable as muscular fibre could be preserved since an epoch which antedates authentic history, is it not more probable that the oily tissues of vegetable seeds could resist the tendency to decay under similar circumstances?

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE POWER OF PUBLIC OPINION.

Public opinion is fast arraying itself against the political and social evils that have so long been eating into the life of our country; and when the people are once fairly aroused and move against an evil, no matter how great its magnitude and power, it must go down. There have been signal instances of this in the past few months. "Rings" and partizan organizations have been broken and demoralized in a way marvellous to behold; and now, public sentiment is fully aroused to the old evil of intemperance, the worst evil of all, and the war against it seems to have begun in earnest.

In our city from six to eight thousand liquor sellers have openly defied for years the Sunday law, and nearly half of them the license law. Most of the constables were on their side, and too many of the policemen. But the temperance men, with public opinion and the courts at their back, have moved against this violation of law, and the following paragraph from one of our daily papers, tells with what good result:

"To the vast army of drinkers and tipplers of 'spirits that intoxicateth' yesterday was a sad and deplorable one. From Kensington to the furthest limits of Southwark, and from the Delaware to the suburbs to the 'west of us,' the thousands of bar-rooms, fashionable saloons, the low and unlicensed taverns and beer saloons were grim and silent, with portals barred and shutters hermetically sealed, which resisted every effort of the thirsty crowds who knocked in vain to obtain their customary stimulants. The closing on the part of the liquor dealers was general, hundreds who kept open on Sunday week, joining with the rest in the movement yesterday. The local option people have obtained a great victory, and with the aid of our judges the effect will be permanent. The dealers do not regard the fine as of much consequence, but the imprisonment puts a different face on the matter. His honor, Judge Ludlow, asserted, in passing sentence on Waidlich, that he would inflict the full penalty prescribed by law on the next offender convicted."

This is only the beginning of the good work, we

trust. Public opinion is not going to stop here. Our lawmakers will have to give us a "Local Option" law, or step aside for better men who will. The ballot, in the future, is going to do something more than elect men who mean only to serve themselves and their party, and ignore the commonest rights and wants of the people.

"THE CHURCH MOUSE."

This quaint and beautiful Chromo is pleasing everybody, as we knew it would. A subscriber in Indiana writes:

"Allow me to thank you for the 'Church Mouse,' received the 17th. It far exceeds my expectations, but, then, I might have known anything sent out from your house would be the very best. Our little boy says to send his thanks.

"Count me as a life subscriber."

OUR ENGRAVINGS.

We give two more of our fine series of engravings this month. The charming picture of "Hermione" will please every reader of taste. Barry Cornwall's poem is admirably descriptive:

"Thou hast beauty bright and fair,
Manner noble, aspect free,
Eyes that are untouched by care;
What then do we ask from thee?
Hermione, Hermione?

"Thou hast reason quick and strong,
Wit that envious men admire,
And a voice, itself a song!
What then can we still desire?
Hermione, Hermione?

"Something thou dost want, O queen!
(As the gold doth ask alloy),
Tears—amid thy laughter seen,
Pity mingling with thy joy,
This is all we ask from thee,
Hermione, Hermione!"

"The Forest Sanctuary," is something more than a bit of wildwood scenery. It is a pictured poem. Mrs. Hemans gives the sentiment in these well-known stanzas:

"Come to the woods, in whose mossy dells,
A light all made for the poet dwells;
A light, colored softly by tender leaves,
Whence the primrose a mellow glow receives.

"The stock-dove is there in the beechen-tree,
And the lulling tone of the honey-bee;
And the voice of cool waters, 'midst feathery fern,
Shedding sweet sounds from some hidden urn.

"There is life, there is youth, there is timeless mirth,
Where the streams, with the lilies they near have
birth,

There is peace where the alders are whispering low;
Come from man's dwellings, with all their woe!

"Yes—we will come—we will leave behind
The homes and the sorrows of human kind;
It is well to rove where the river leads
Its bright blue vein along sunny meads:

"It is well through the rich, wild woods to go,
And to pierce the haunts of the fawn and doe;
And to hear the gushing of gentle springs,
When the heart has been fretted by worldly stings."

FLEMING'S CATALOGUE OF FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS.

James Fleming, successor to Henderson & Fleming, 69 Nassau Street, New York, has issued a valuable descriptive catalogue of seeds, garden implements, etc. It is embellished with several full-page engravings of flowers, and has a fine colored plate of *Phlox Drummondii*. The firm of Henderson & Fleming was one of the most reliable in the country, and we do not doubt that the present firm retains the old characteristics. Send for a catalogue.

BRIGGS & BRO.'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

We have received Briggs & Bro.'s Illustrated Catalogue of Flower and Vegetable seeds, for 1872, published at Rochester, N. Y. It is handsomely printed, profusely illustrated, and contains a number of colored plates. We think it is, taken altogether, the finest seedsman's catalogue we have seen this year, and that is saying a great deal. Briggs & Brother offer as a premium to those who send an order for \$5 worth of seeds the choice of several chromos. We have in this catalogue engravings of two of these chromos, and they are really beautiful in design.

EVERYBODY'S JOURNAL.

John Wanamaker, the enterprising proprietor of Oak Hall, at the corner of Sixth and Market streets, Philadelphia, publishes a lively and readable paper with the above name, which is intended "expressly for young men who want to rise in the world." Its literary matter is interesting and instructive, and it teaches habits of industry, enterprise, sobriety and morality. It is a paper which should be largely circulated.

DRUNKENNESS IN ENGLAND.

The Saturday Review, of England, in referring to the enormous increase of drunkenness in that country, says:

"It is impossible to shut our eyes at the signs of the times. On every side we see proofs of the increasing habit of drinking at all hours of the day. The railway stations are becoming vast drinking-saloons. There are few bakers or confectioners who do not exhibit a decanter and glasses on their counter. The theatres present the appearance of a succession of bars. One of the newest of them opens into a tavern, which shares the same roof, and may be regarded as part of the same establishment; while visitors to another find bar-maids established in bowers of bottles at every turn of the central staircase, and in every spare nook and corner of the auditorium.

SMALL MOUTHS.

A certain writer says: "What I am about to record may surprise some people; but I have always noticed that in women who have an extremely small mouth, there is seldom observed that amiableness of disposition and character which is so frequently found in those who have a handsome mouth of moderate size. It would seem that too small a mouth indicates a weakness which degenerates into affectation. The last-mentioned quality seems to be so inseparably attached to smallness of the mouth, that even those females who have an ordinary mouth, when they are going to be affected, always begin by contracting that part.

TAKE NOTICE.

In remitting, if you send a draft, see that it is drawn or endorsed to order of T. S. Arthur & Son. Always give name of your town, county, and state.

When you want a magazine changed from one office to another, be sure to say to what post-office it goes at the time you write.

When money is sent for any other publication than our own, we pay it over to the publisher, and there our responsibility ends.

Let the names of the subscribers and your own signature be written plainly.

In making up a club, the subscribers may be at different post-offices.

Canada subscribers must send 12 cents, in addition to subscription, for postage.

If you cannot get P. O. order or draft, register your letters.

Before writing us a letter of inquiry, examine the above and see if the question you wish to ask is not answered.

CLUBBING.

Home Magazine and Children's Hour, one year, \$2.50
Home Magazine and Godey's Lady's Book, . . 4.00
Children's Hour and Godey's Lady's Book, . . 3.50
"Home," "Hour," and "Lady's Book," . . 5.00

ADVERTISERS' DEPARTMENT.

EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS throughout the country will find in the stock of Bargh, Warren & Co., whose advertisement will be found in this number, a full and complete assortment of news and book papers, Manila, colored cover and poster papers, and every kind of papers used for job printing. We recommend this house to our friends, with full confidence in their ability and fairness.

WOOD ENGRAVING.—Among those who have, during the last few years, given to wood engraving an excellence so high that it has, for all purposes of book or magazine illustrations, almost entirely superseded steel engraving, Mr. James W. Lauderbach of our city stands among the foremost. He is equalled by few, and not surpassed by any, in the artistic finish and beauty of his work. His rooms are at No. 119 South Fourth Street.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.—Go to B. G. Atkinson's, No. 521 Chestnut Street (opposite the State House). You will find a full line of the best gentleman's wear in the city.

"THE CHILDREN'S HOUR."—This magazine for the little ones still holds its place as one of the purest and best in the world. Its illustrations are rich and copious, and its reading a perpetual delight to the children. Terms, \$1 25 a year. "Home Magazine" and "Children's Hour" sent one year for \$2.50.

ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL, Chestnut Street, kept by Major Clitherall (formerly of Mobile, recently connected with the St. Nicholas Hotel, N. Y.), has fine large rooms, and sets a first rate table. Its central location makes it a desirable home for permanent boarders, and for transient guests. The house will accommodate about 300 persons. Charge \$3 per day.

BOOKS.—We call attention to the advertisement of Porter & Coates on page 1 of Philadelphia Advertiser. This house is now getting out also a History of the Underground Railroad, which was once so effective in aiding slaves to escape, by William Still, one of the prominent actors in the drama. They also have in press "Sunday Half-Hours with Great Preachers," one of the best and most comprehensive books of sermons ever published. These works are both sold by subscription only.

LITHOGRAPHY.—The steam lithographic establishment of Duval & Hunter (see first advertising page) is complete in every requisite for first-class work. Their chromos are not surpassed by any made in the country. Our beautiful "Church Mouse" is the product of this establishment. First-class agents, who sell chromos by subscription, will do well to send for their list. They are now getting out some splendid subjects that cannot fail to be exceedingly popular.

(244)

CLOTHING.—Never before in the history of the clothing business of Philadelphia has there been displayed under one roof such a magnificent assortment of spring and summer clothing for gentlemen, lads, and very little boys just entering their first suits, as Messrs. Wanamaker & Brown, the popular clothiers, have manufactured, and are now offering at unusually low rates at their immense Oak Hall Clothing House, 8. E. corner Sixth and Market Streets, Philadelphia.

A NEW TEMPERANCE BOOK, by the author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-room."—J. M. Stoddard & Co., of this city, have in press, to be published April 1st, a new and powerful temperance story, by the author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," entitled "THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP." It gives an inside view of the sale of liquor, and portrays the terrible effects of that traffic in a series of life pictures, full of the intensest interest with the skill and fidelity to nature, so eminently characteristic of the author. The book cannot fail to make a strong impression; and as a new auxiliary in the cause of temperance, will have a wide and powerful influence.

Agents wanted by the publishers in all parts of the United States. Send in orders immediately, so as to secure a supply from the earliest edition. Address, J. M. Stoddard & Co., Publishers, No. 733 Sansom Street, Philadelphia.

EXCELLENCE SUSTAINED.—Among the wonderful number of sewing machines now before the public, none have sustained so well the representations made of them as the Wheeler & Wilson. The matter of purchasing unreliable and in some instances quite worthless sewing machines, has become a serious matter. Those about to purchase naturally look for an article that combines all existing actual and practical improvements. The New Wheeler & Wilson Family Machine combines all the advantages claimed for other machines, avoiding their defects. We take great pleasure in recommending the attention of the public to the machines made by this company as being incomparably the best in use. See advertisements on first page.

Philadelphia Advertising Directory.

See Front of Magazine.

BARGH, WARREN & Co., Paper Manufacturers,.....	Page 1
B. G. ATKINSON, Gents' Furnishing Goods,.....	1
ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL,.....	1
JAMES W. LAUDERBACH, Wood Engraver,.....	1
J. M. STODDARD & Co. Books,.....	1
WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE,.....	1
PORTER & COATES, Publishers,.....	1
WANAMAKER & BROWN, Clothing,.....	2
DUVAL & HUNTER, Lithographers,.....	2
J. A. GETTE, Pianos and Organs,.....	2
DR. STARKER, Compound Oxygen Treatment,.....	2
CHILDREN'S HOUR,.....	2